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"HER PROTECTOR."—BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The question "Shall the fair sex be admitted to public dinners?" has been exciting some interest. It seems to have been decided that when the object of such entertainment is "Subscriptions" they shall not be so. It is urged against them, not unjustly, that, though they are willing enough that their husbands should draw out their cheque-books for æsthetic and ornamental purposes, connected with the house, and (especially) the wardrobe, they exercise a deterrent influence in the matter of public donations. "I think, my dear, one pound would be ample; and if you had been drinking as little wine as I have, you would think so too." If the gentleman has drunk too much wine, and is of an obstinate disposition, this remonstrance might possibly help "the Charity"; but in most cases it would certainly hinder it. The exclusion of the ladies from charity dinners may therefore be considered judicious. But, as regards other public banquets, it does seem an ungallant thing to invite them to sit in a "gallery," to see men eat and drink of the best (or what they innocently believe to be so), while they themselves are fobbed off with coffee and finger biscuits. The objection that their presence at the table would curtail or postpone cigar-smoking would, of course, be fatal, if it were valid; but, as is observed in "Box and Cox," it is in the nature of tobacco-smoke, as of other kinds of smoke, to ascend, and it is, therefore, in the gallery that they get most of it. As that situation is more or less out of hearing, one may say that the only sense that is at present gratified in the ladies' case at public dinners is the olfactory one: they get the smell of the smoke and of the viands. In ancient times a "meat offering" and a "drink offering" were always thought more highly of than a "smoke offering," and I am not aware that any change has happened in respect to their proportionate value. As to the speeches, my impression is that they would be much more appreciated by a mixed company than by males only. Provided that they are not made by husbands, guardians, and the like, in restraint of expenditure, ladies like speeches; for they like even lectures and sermons—and surely the spectacle of their fair faces among his audience would incite an orator to do his best in the way of liveliness.

The inhabitants of an American town have been saved from destruction, through the bursting of a reservoir, by the presence of mind of a boy of sixteen, who ran for miles to warn them of their danger. Philanthropic attempts of a similar kind have often been made without success. The messenger of mercy is generally thought to be a liar, or his want of breath renders him inarticulate. "Even if," observed the churchwarden of a certain village threatened by this catastrophe to his would-be benefactor, "you were sober and could speak distinctly, I should pay no attention to a person who uses the word 'dam' four times in as many seconds." He could not understand that that was the only subject the good fellow had just then to talk about, and fell a victim to his sense of decorum.

For the first time in legal annals, it has been proposed to make the sale of objectionable works in a foreign language the subject of indictment. It is a pity, of course, that such things are not written in Volapük only, in which "universal language" they would be put out of the reach of everybody; but that plan has, unfortunately, not occurred to the authors. This solicitude for public morals seems a little superfluous, when a sworn interpreter has to be placed at the service of the jury to instruct them in the literature complained of. The persons who like to read Zola in the original are not very likely to be reclaimed, or even balked of their garbage, by such means; while public dissertations on the subject can hardly tend to edification. However, what is sauce for the goose—or, in this case, a more obscene bird—is sauce for the gander; and it seems ridiculous enough that French novels should be boycotted, while the ancient classics—with their very peculiar views upon morality—should still be taught in schools. Consistency may be "the virtue of fools," but in thus neglecting it altogether there is a good deal of folly, and perhaps not quite so much virtue as is pretended.

The National Life-Boat Institution has entered a new sphere of usefulness, as regards the methods of its operation. Science will for the future play a much larger part in them. The experimental steam life-boat is to be submitted to a series of tests, the result of which, it is hoped, will be greatly to increase efficiency. Electrical communication is to be established between the boats and the coastguard stations; and oil is, literally, to be poured upon the troubled waters with the object of diminishing the loss of human life. What is wanted, however, even more than oil is that circulating medium by which oil and everything else is to be procured. The total expenditure of the Institution for the last twelve months—during which it saved 420 lives and seventeen vessels—was £57,484, while its receipts from subscriptions, donations, and dividends was but £42,700. A creditably small percentage only has been spent in management, a circumstance which should recommend the claims of the Institution to "practical minds"; while to those influenced by philanthropic motives it is difficult to imagine a more worthy object of generosity.

As a legal punishment the fine is very much what the old school "imposition" used to be; the five hundred lines of Virgil, so difficult to some boys, was written out by others (with a pen with five nibs) with ease, or even inscribed by proxy by a fag; and the fine similarly presses hard on one offender, while by another it is easily settled, and often settled for him by totally innocent persons. For offences against the person, and for cruelty, it is a penalty totally inadequate, and not at all deterrent, and yet—mainly to save trouble—it is inflicted by magistrates more than any other. In the case

of the wife-beater and the child-torturer, the fine practically falls upon the wife and the child: the criminal escapes scot-free. His constant impunity—caused chiefly by maudlin sentiment—is getting to be almost as sickening as the crime itself. Out of half a dozen cases in one day's news (which, alas! so far as they are concerned, is "no news"), I cull the following: A ruffian is brought up for horrible cruelty to a cat, which he "holds on his doorstep while his dog tears it to pieces, bit by bit." The Solon on the bench observes, "This is a most abominable act. I cannot do less than fine you [that is, the man's family] £2 1s." He certainly could not do less; but what good would he have done by fining him more? The punishment ought to have been homœopathic in another sense—that of like to like. "The cat" should have been applied to the cat-torturer. If this were done in all such cases the wretch would learn what comes of cruelty. To inflict a fine for such inhumanity is to partake of it: the judge becomes the confederate of the criminal.

People talk of "magazine verse" with the same vagueness with which they talk of "Scott," as though Scott always wrote like himself, and all magazine verse-writers badly. Those who are really acquainted with such matters are aware, however, that there was never so much good poetry floating on the sea of letters as at present. It may be found in very unexpected places, like other jetsam and flotsam; but it is well worth perusal, for all that. How good, too, are often the "minor poets," at which it used to be the fashion to gird! What is really to be said against them is the monotony of their tone, which is almost always not, indeed, melancholy—after the old sentimental fashion—but pessimistic. It does not deal with fictitious sorrows, but with real ones: poverty, hunger, ruin. It is still the Æolian Harp, but one that plays on the telegraph wires, and hymns the song of the street. The "Lays of Common Life," by William Toynbee, is a good—though far from a happy—example of this. His muse is not afraid to grapple with the most realistic, and what used to be considered vulgar, topics. If he does not adorn all he touches, he certainly shows that even the most ordinary and nowadays subjects are capable of poetic treatment. The rope-dancer, the agricultural labourer out of employ, the man about town, the thought-reader, the tramp, would not have looked promising to the muse of our ancestors, but they are here invested with true harmony and feeling. To some people, of course (just as others associate religion with Sundays only), the attempt to treat these matters touchingly will seem ridiculous, such lines as:—

She tripped from the footlights, she ran up the board,
A bow to my Lady, a smile to my Lord,
A wave to the gallery, shouting in glee—
And a tear for her darling that no one could see.

or as these, from quite another sort of poem:—

Forgetting the daisies, forgetting the dew,
The fields with their verdure, the sky with its blue,
The lark singing upward, the sun shining down,
She has come to be trained in the ways of the town.

will have only music in them. There are other readers, however, let us hope, who will think differently, and recognise the touch of nature. What is peculiar to Mr. Toynbee's muse, notwithstanding its pessimism, is its exceeding charity. Even for—

That prince of street prowlers, the elderly beau,
he has something to say that is not all censure:—

So when, half disdainful, Death taps at his door,
And his scandals are hushed, and he ogles no more,
Though you'd hardly believe it, tears secretly flow:
For he has his good points, has the elderly beau.

"Half disdainful" is surely a graphic touch. Again, it is not often that three generations are better described in two lines than in these:—

Grandfather, hawker, or something; father, grocer, who never gave
tick;
Present man, member, baronet, hyphen, and a brand-new place in red
brick.

"Or something" is good, and "hyphen" really capital.

Female duelling—lady meeting lady at the sword point or the mouth of the pistol—is by no means an uncommon event, though it has seldom resulted in fatal consequences. Love, of course, has been at the bottom of these contests, only, instead of "looking for the woman" (who, indeed, is found), one has to look for the man. The most remarkable of these "hostile meetings" between the fair sex was, perhaps, one which occurred in South Carolina, so far back as 1817. "The object of the rival affections of these fair champions," says the newspaper report of the matter, "was present on the field as the mutual arbiter of the dreadful combat." In plain English, he was to marry the survivor, which, "having had the grief of beholding one of the suitors for his favour fall before his eyes," he accordingly did. It must have been an embarrassing position for him, though he no doubt derived satisfaction from the fact that "the whole business was managed with all the inflexibility and decorum usually practised on such occasions." His superfluous charmer was disposed of in a most workmanlike way. Still, even this does not come up to the duel between a lady and gentleman fought the other day with the small sword in Vienna. The lady, of course, was the challenger, and has received many compliments upon her intrepidity. As a matter of fact, she was an accomplished fencer, while her opponent was a doctor, presumably better acquainted with the lancet than the sword. Moreover, he confined his efforts to defending himself, in which he was unfortunately not successful. Upon the whole, since the lady has gone to South America, one may venture to say that she was not so very "intrepid." She occupied the superior position of the little Special Constable over the Chartist in 1848: "If I kill you it's nothing, but if you kill me it's murder."

The Portrait of Field-Marshal Sir Lintorn Simmons is from a photograph by Mr. R. Ellis, of Malta; that of the late Rev. Dr. Gotch is from a photograph by Messrs. W. H. Midwinter and Co., of Bristol; and that of the late Mr. George Hooper, from one by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of London.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, and their Royal Highnesses's children and the children of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, arrived at Balmoral Castle, from Windsor, on the afternoon of May 23. The 24th was the anniversary of her Majesty's birth, and the King of the Belgians arrived at the castle in the forenoon on purpose to congratulate the Queen, and, after lunching with her Majesty and the Royal family, left for the south. All the ladies and gentlemen of the household, including Dr. Profeit, had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Countess Rantzau and Captain Baron Seckendorff, in attendance on Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, were also invited. Her Majesty is expected to reside at Balmoral till about the last week in June, when the Court will return to Windsor Castle.

The Prince of Wales gave a dinner-party at Marlborough House on May 22, at which the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Albert Victor, Count Herbert Bismarck, the Marquis de Breteuil, Monsieur De Seval, Count Kinsky, Herr Von Angeli, the Earl of Rosebery, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir Edgar Boehm, Colonel Sir Edward Bradford, Mr. H. Calcraft, and Major-General Sir C. Teesdale were present. The Prince, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Albert Victor, was afterwards present at the fourth concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly. On the 23rd the Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Victoria and Maud, presented, at the Guards' Industrial Home, the prizes gained by the girls of the institution. In the afternoon the Prince visited the National Silk Exhibition in St. James's-square; and in the evening the Prince and Princess, Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Victoria and Maud dined with the Austrian Ambassador and Countess Deym at the Embassy in Belgrave-square. The Princess, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, left Marlborough House on the 24th for Sandringham for a few days. The King of the Belgians paid a visit to the Prince on the 25th, which visit his Royal Highness returned at the Burlington Hotel, to take leave prior to his Majesty leaving England. In the afternoon the Prince visited Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) and the Duke of Fife at East Sheen, and also paid a visit to the Count and Countess de Paris. The Prince witnessed the display organised by the National Physical Recreation Society at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on the 26th, and expressed himself extremely pleased with what he saw. In the gardens of the Inner Temple on the 28th the Prince inaugurated one of the greatest flower-shows of the season, the exhibition being under the auspices of the Royal Horticultural Society. There were orchids, roses, azaleas, lilies, palms, begonias, tulips, irises, pansies, and ferns in great variety and immense quantity.

The Queen has conferred the dignity of a peerage of the United Kingdom upon Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward of Wales, K.G., K.P., by the name, style, and title of Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Earl of Athlone.

The King of the Belgians, having paid farewell visits to the Queen and Prince of Wales, has left London for Brussels, travelling by way of Dover and Ostend.

Queen Isabella of Spain went to Waterloo House on May 21 to see the Royal Jubilee picture, with which her Majesty expressed herself highly pleased. She at once recognised her daughter, the Infanta Donna Eulalia of Spain, who occupies a prominent position on the canvas. She was visited by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Her Majesty dined at Claridge's Hotel in the evening. Her Majesty witnessed the performance of "Lohengrin" at the Royal Italian Opera on the 23rd. The ex-Queen lunched with the Spanish Ambassador on the 24th at the Embassy, and dined at Claridge's in the evening. The Queen attended Divine service in the Church of St. John of Jerusalem, in Great Ormond-street, on Sunday morning, the 25th, and subsequently visited the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth adjoining it. She visited the Duke and Duchess of Teck at the White Lodge, Richmond Park, on the 26th, and in the evening she entertained the Spanish Ambassador, the First Secretary of the Embassy and his wife, Lord Elphinstone, Colonel the Hon. Henry Byng, and the ladies and gentlemen in the Queen's suite, at dinner at Claridge's Hotel. On the 27th her Majesty drove to Hampton Court, returning by way of Richmond, where dinner was partaken of. Queen Isabella left London on the 29th.

The Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who have been for the last two months in this country, left Victoria Station at eleven o'clock on May 24, on their return to Germany. The Duke of Cambridge and the Duchess of Teck were on the platform, and took leave of the Duke and Duchess.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were present on May 24 at the performance of "A Pair of Spectacles" at the Garrick Theatre.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at Victoria, British Columbia, from Japan, on May 21, and were met by the Governor. A deputation of the Municipality presented an address. In the afternoon the Duke opened the hospital which has just been completed in commemoration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. The Duke and Duchess left Vancouver on the 23rd for Eastern Canada. They crossed the Rocky Mountains, arriving at Bariff hot springs on the 24th. The party crossed the plains on the 26th, halting at Regina, the capital of the North-West Territory; also at Winnipeg, Manitoba. The Duke and Duchess arrived at Winnipeg on the 26th, and drove to Sir Donald Smith's residence on Silver Heights, where the Lieutenant-Governor, the prominent clergy, and a number of the leading citizens dined with their Royal Highnesses.

Some three thousand pupils connected with the Girls' Public Day School Company assembled on May 23 in the Handel Orchestra of the Crystal Palace to receive from the hands of Princess Louise the prizes they had gained in the recent examinations.

Princess Christian on the 24th opened an exhibition of pictures at the Morley Memorial Hall, Waterloo-road. The Princess was accompanied by Princess Victoria. The 25th being the forty-fourth birthday of Princess Christian, the bells of the Windsor churches were rung in honour of her Royal Highness.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife opened a bazaar at St. Mary's Schools, Somers Town, in aid of the fund for the restoration of the church and schools.

The Marquis of Lorne occupied the chair in the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, at a festival dinner in aid of the funds of the Royal Blind Pension Society. Subscriptions were announced to the amount of £1760.

The Duke of Cambridge occupied the chair at a meeting at the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, in order to take steps for the erection of a suitable memorial to the late Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn. A resolution approving of the object was unanimously adopted.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Who would have dreamed that so soon after the memorable night when the new play, "Judah," by Henry Arthur Jones, was received at the Shaftesbury with unwonted enthusiasm, that we should so soon hear that ominous creak, "Too good! over the heads of the people"? For years and years, those who have the interest of the stage at heart have taken up their parable and preached a newer and better order of things, a struggle to get out of the meshes of conventionality without airing scientific, philosophic, or religious "fads"—plays with more real interest in them, plays with more meaning, plays written by men of observation, plays that substitute literature for commonplace, plays that are not merely for the passing hour, but that make men and women think when they have left the theatre and are absorbed with the life-problem that has been propounded to them even in the pursuit of pleasure! Behold the play! "Judah," by Henry Arthur Jones, who has actually practised what he preached—a thing that very few of us are ever capable of doing. It was not for nothing that the author of "Judah" lifted up his voice in the wilderness, lectured at literary institutions, proclaimed his doctrines from the platform, and tried to advocate the art-principles insisted on by his friend Matthew Arnold. A play that will make men and women think! Have we not found it in "Judah"? Can anyone with the slightest pretence to intelligence refuse to be interested, refuse to listen, refuse to think, when he first meets the religious enthusiast Judah Llewellyn, the ideal "pastor," the man who has never loved?

A shepherd in his boyhood, an enthusiast and not a dreamer, an athlete and a man of courage, he approaches his life's task with the passion of the Celt, the religious fervour of the Semitic race. He has the true missionary spirit, and in his mission he comes across the dark-eyed Vashti Dethic. Hearing of her marvellous cures, swayed by her mystic beauty, resolving wholly to believe in her and not to doubt, regarding her as some angel sent from heaven, he becomes the whole-souled champion of a woman utterly unworthy of his loyal faith. If, as he believes, this Vashti can work miracles, he will stand by and see that she is not stoned. If science is attacking her, he will plant himself by her side and see that there is fair play. The test is agreed upon, Vashti is made a prisoner in a lonely tower in order that she may prove she can starve and is under some supernatural influence, and the shepherd-lover watches over his adored one, and, true to his Eastern origin, walls piteously for her, like the lover in the "Song of Songs." There is no shadow of doubt in the mind of Judah Llewellyn that the woman he loves is all he believes her to be. She shall be his guide, she shall be the star to lead him on to higher, heavenly things. If Providence has designed her to work miracles, he has also designed her to be the one splendid influence to direct into channels of mercy a strong and good man's love. Suddenly comes the awakening. Vashti is revealed to her passionate lover as the weakest and meanest of all impostors, a woman coerced by a blackguard father, a woman who knows how contemptible she is and has not the courage to confess, a woman now swayed by her parent, now hesitating whether the power she pretends to possess is existent or not, now tossed and bending like a tall lily against the passionate whirlwind of her adorer's love! The shock to Judah is only momentary. A vulgar dramatist would make him revile the woman at his feet, and bring down the curtain on a torrent of theatrical claptrap. He would, to use a deplorable and tawdry phrase, think only of theatrical situation, and aim only at a "good curtain." Not so the author of "Judah."

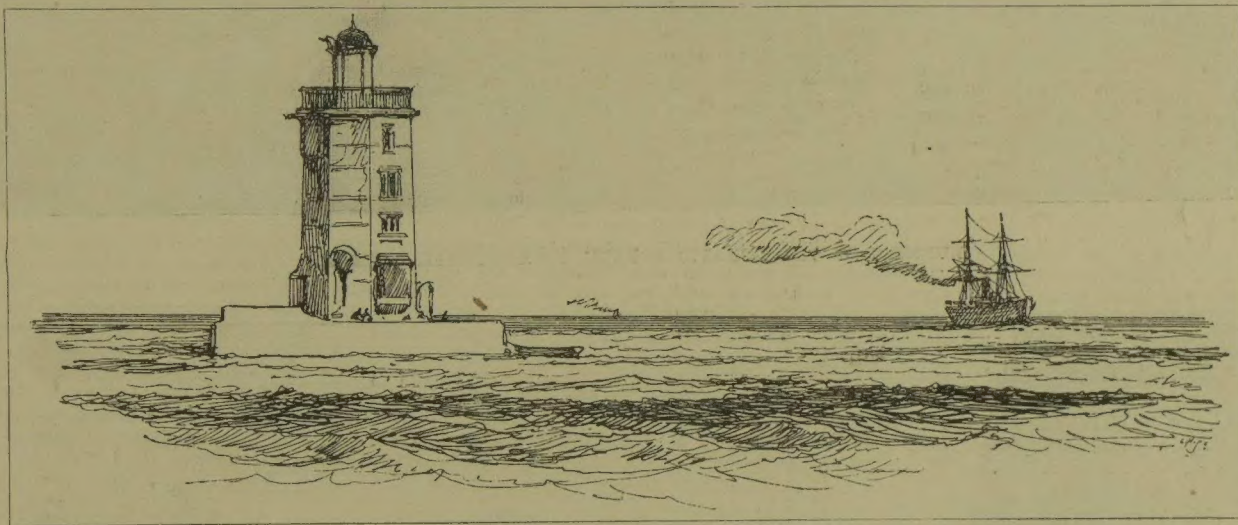
Suddenly the pastor perceives that the very weakness of Vashti is destined to be his strength. Man's passion takes the place of man's idealism. He perceives that she is "more beautiful than ever," he understands for the first time what love is. Hitherto she has been his influence, now he will become hers. He will shelter her, guard her, protect her. She shall see that there can be nobility in man. The more she is coerced the more he will fight for her, he will love her, and he will lie for her. If God wills that they are to go to heaven together, he will support her in her terrible trial with his strong arm. If evil is to prevail, and his prayers are to be unanswered, there is not one cup of misery, one torture, one torment that he, her lover-husband, will not share. Thus it is that a blameless man smears his life and his conscience with a lie in order to protect from degradation the woman he adores. But the martyrdom of Judah Llewellyn is even stronger than he can bear. The lie that he has uttered eats into his very soul. It is the plague-spot of his life. A thousand demons hiss it into his ears. His mission is gone, his duty tainted, his energy warped, his enthusiasm poisoned, and, worse torture than all, the very love for which he committed this sin is weakened, and not strengthened! The love of the woman that was to have made him so strong is ebbing away from him on a tide of sluggish misery. There is but one thing to be done—confession. There is but one thing to be aimed at—repentance. He can gloss it all over with some soothing ointment provided by the innocent and ignorant world. He can be praised for the sin that no one knows: he can still carry men's esteem and women's sympathy. They will build him chapels and endow them, and trumpet him forth to the world as an upright, honourable man. There are nameless superficial cures for his soul-disease—cures by quacks, cures by the ignorant, cures by men less noble than he. But Judah Llewellyn will have none of them. There is cancer in his soul, and he will cut it out. He will expose his heart to the torture, and not flinch at the surgeon's knife. His conscience can never be cured save by confession. Noble man, and equally noble woman! As they have sworn to live so have they vowed to suffer together, and thus, in the face of the whole congregation, the woman bowed with shame and contrition, the man heroic in his faith in her and in his God, declare in full assembly the sin that she has committed, the crime that he, her lover, has indorsed. What a beautiful, what a wholesome, what a truly dramatic scene, when the tender, human creature, bowed with grief, confesses her sin at her lover's bidding, and, having confessed, falls like a bruised reed upon his breast! What a fine ending to a fine play, when this noble Judah resolves to suffer his worst punishment still in working out his atonement among the people who knew her shame! The church he intends to build is to be founded on no shifting quicksands, but on the abiding love that has been

given him, and on the faith that has discovered it. "No, Lady Eve," says the patient, repentant Judah, "there was a mistake in the title-deeds. The building-stones were not sound. There is to be no new church. Yes, we will build our new church with our lives: and its foundation shall be the Truth!"

But "Judah" is no one-part play. If "Judah" is a splendidly conceived character and played with noble intention and success by Mr. E. S. Willard, so is Vashti Dethic relatively as well written, conceived, and played by Miss Olga Brandon, who had the more difficult task of the two, and who, in spite of the difficulty, has never before shown herself such an artist. We should be grateful for actresses who work for the author's scheme, and not only for their personal vanity or aggrandisement. Vashti may not be a very sympathetic character to the actress, but Miss Brandon plays it exactly as it should be played, to her own honour and the value of the story.

I repeat, however, it is not a one-part play. It teems with sketches of human character—no theatrical daubs, but vivid, lifelike bits out of the book of human nature. The scientific professor—precise, courteous, exact in his definitions, destitute of sentiment—so admirably played by Mr. Sant Matthews; the modern young man, egotist and pessimist, the scorner of enthusiasm, who lectures his own father on his literary and social blunders, acted in the finest comedy and satirical spirit by Mr. F. Kerr; the neat little study of a modern literary and scientific young woman by Miss Gertrude Warden; the ex-conjuror and consistent humbug who encourages the starving fraud, played with such delicacy and artistic appreciation by Mr. Royce Carleton—are but a few of the gems that are set into this most excellent and encouraging play—a play that so many have been asking for these years past; a play so well received by a highly intelligent, sympathetic, and enthusiastic audience that their very enthusiasm appears to have given some offence to such as were not present.

Why, if our drama is ever to be anything any more than a frivolous peepshow, are we to hear this hideous raven-cry "over the heads of the audience"? No simpler story was ever written. An observant child could understand it. If "Judah" be over the heads of a modern audience in these days of higher education and culture, then is our case deplorable indeed. I have been taken to task lately for daring to hint that we do not find the intellectual attitude that we used to do in those playgoers who can alone, by their wealth, influence, or artistic appreciation, support and encourage such works as these. Is "Judah" to go the way of "The Profligate," and to be snuffed out by indifference? It can never be unpopular,



THE DÆDALUS LIGHTHOUSE IN THE RED SEA, THE SCENE OF THE WRECK OF THE DACCA.

but the play and the ambition of its author have no right to be discouraged. To say that "Judah" is over the heads of a modern audience is to raise a reproach of serious moment against the modern playgoer. There are scores and scores of excellent people who boldly say that they don't want to think at the play, that they require no stimulus there for their intellect, that they come to laugh and not to be bored, and so on *ad nauseam*. But are they to be permitted to be in the majority for want of a little energy on the part of those who as constantly shrug their intellectual shoulders at the playhouse and all its possessions? Are the late diners, and the smart dressers, and the fastidious, and the frivolous, and the beauties, and the bored to elbow all thoughtful work on the stage out of the way? Surely there are dozens of theatres where people can laugh to their hearts' content. Is there not to be one where some of us may think? Well, here is an opportunity for testing a serious question. The eternal cry has been, "The stage is too conventional, too unreal. Give us a real, unconventional play." Here it is, and its name is "Judah." Are the people who patronise the play, and who value dramatic art, earnest enough to help it to success? For on the fate of "Judah" much depends, much that is of serious moment to the stage. Managers are but mortal, after all, and without subsidy they cannot ruin themselves for the sake of art or for "new departures" that may suit the minority only. I believe that when it is firmly known how strange and good a play "Judah" is, it will be the forerunner of many more as excellent in aim and as noble in intention. Now is the time for the "art patron" to do for the playhouse what he has done for the sister arts of music and painting: but he must put himself to just a little inconvenience, and not stroll into the theatre about half past nine, when the play is half over.

C. S.

The Tivoli Theatre of Varieties was opened with great success on May 24.

The Rev. John Wogan Festing, Vicar of Christ Church, Albany-street, has accepted the Bishopric of St. Albans.

The supporters of the Royal Blind Pension Society held, under the presidency of the Marquis of Lorne, a festival banquet in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole, on May 22. The sum of £1765 was collected.

A new park, which has been presented to the inhabitants of Morley, near Leeds, by the Earl of Dartmouth, was opened on May 24 by his Lordship, who was accompanied by the Countess. A drinking fountain, erected in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee, was also unveiled. The park is twenty acres in extent.

Accidents will happen, even to Derby favourites. We regret to learn that Riviera broke her back while at exercise on May 24, and had to be shot. This is a severe loss to Mr. Henry Milner, her owner, as she was grandly bred, and gave great promise last season. Riviera also had engagements in the Doncaster St. Leger and other important stakes, in which she might have shown some of her two-year-old form.

BURNING OF MONTREAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

The destruction of the Longue Pointe Asylum for lunatics, at Montreal, Canada, on May 5, caused the death of nearly forty unfortunate persons, all women, the patients on the male side being got out safely. There were 1300 altogether in the building, which was of brick, and six storeys high. The fire originated in the second ward, on the women's side, in an upper storey: it was caused by a lunatic, who ignited some articles in a cupboard. The flames spread through the ventilating shaft, and soon enveloped the whole building. The Montreal firemen worked well to subdue the outbreak, but the water supply was exhausted in five minutes. The behaviour of some of the poor lunatics was most painful to witness. They seemed to consider the disaster an occasion of supreme glee, evincing the greatest exultation at the approach of the flames: it was not until the walls fell in over their heads that their maniacal rejoicings were silenced. Three nuns made an heroic attempt to rescue a sick sister from the burning building. The flames, however, overtook them, and all perished. Several firemen were injured, and others had narrow escapes. A large number of the inmates were badly burnt before they could be rescued. The value of the building is estimated at from 700,000 dols. to 1,000,000 dols. Our illustration is from a sketch by Mr. G. Horne Russell, of Montreal.

THE DÆDALUS REEF IN THE RED SEA.

The first island that attracts the voyager down the Red Sea is Shadwan, at the mouth of the Gulf of Suez. Steamers sail very close to it, and the P. and O. Company lost one of their steamers, the Carnatic, here about twenty years ago. Next to this are the "Two Brothers," which are two very small islands close together, not many yards in extent; they look not unlike two biscuits floating on the surface. Very dangerous these rocks are, being low in the water and not easily seen; but much worse, in comparison, is the Dædalus Reef, which extends for some distance, showing almost nothing above the sea but a white surf. These risky places are on the direct track of ships sailing up or down the Red Sea. The Dædalus Reef is about four hundred miles south from Suez; it is known to the Arabs as Abdul Kheeson. Its present name was given to it from H.M.S. Dædalus, which surveyed the Red Sea, but this word has been altered by the sailors into the "Deadlies," a term truly expressive of the character of the reef. When the Red Sea became the route to India, a lighthouse was put up here, which is maintained by the Egyptian Government. Three men are always in it, and a fourth man has a three-months holiday. An Egyptian steamer visits the lighthouse every three months with fresh supplies: it takes back the man on holiday and relieves another, so that each of them has his leave in the twelve months.

It was on this reef that the British India Steam Navigation Company's steamer Dacca, bound for Queensland, struck on May 16, at six a.m. Her bows were stove in, the passengers were landed in the lighthouse, part had to find shelter on the reef, where at one time some of them were up to the waist in the water. The steamer did not sink for four hours, and she now lies at the bottom, 200 fathoms deep. The steamer Rosario chanced to pass, and rendered some assistance, and a little later the Palamcottia came up, and took every one on board, so that, luckily, no lives were lost. This vessel brought the passengers and crew back to Suez. Most of the passengers were emigrants, chiefly young women. Unfortunately for them, they have lost all their kits, and have saved nothing but what they chanced to have on when landed on the reef.

BUSTARDS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

The Zoological Society of London has recently added to its collection in the Regent's Park several fine specimens of the largest species of bustard, which in South Africa is of grand size, but rarely seen except in places remote from human habitations. The Otis Kori, found on the banks of the Gariep or Orange River, is four feet high, or even bigger, and has long wings, but seldom cares to fly, running with great swiftness, and using its wings to assist its course in running: it will, however, occasionally rise and skim along just above the ground. Its body is very bulky and heavy, abounding in fat, and the flesh of this bird is much esteemed as meat, its flavour being like that of a turkey. The natives of Africa are accustomed to catch the bustard in snares. They say that a single bustard is usually to be seen accompanying a herd of gazelles.

The Duke of Beaufort, Lord High Steward of Gloucester, on May 23 laid the memorial-stone of the New Guildhall.

The exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association is announced to be held in Birmingham from June 5 to 9.

The Marquis d'Azeglio, who passed so many years of his life as Italian Minister in England during the days of Lord Palmerston, died recently, at Rome.

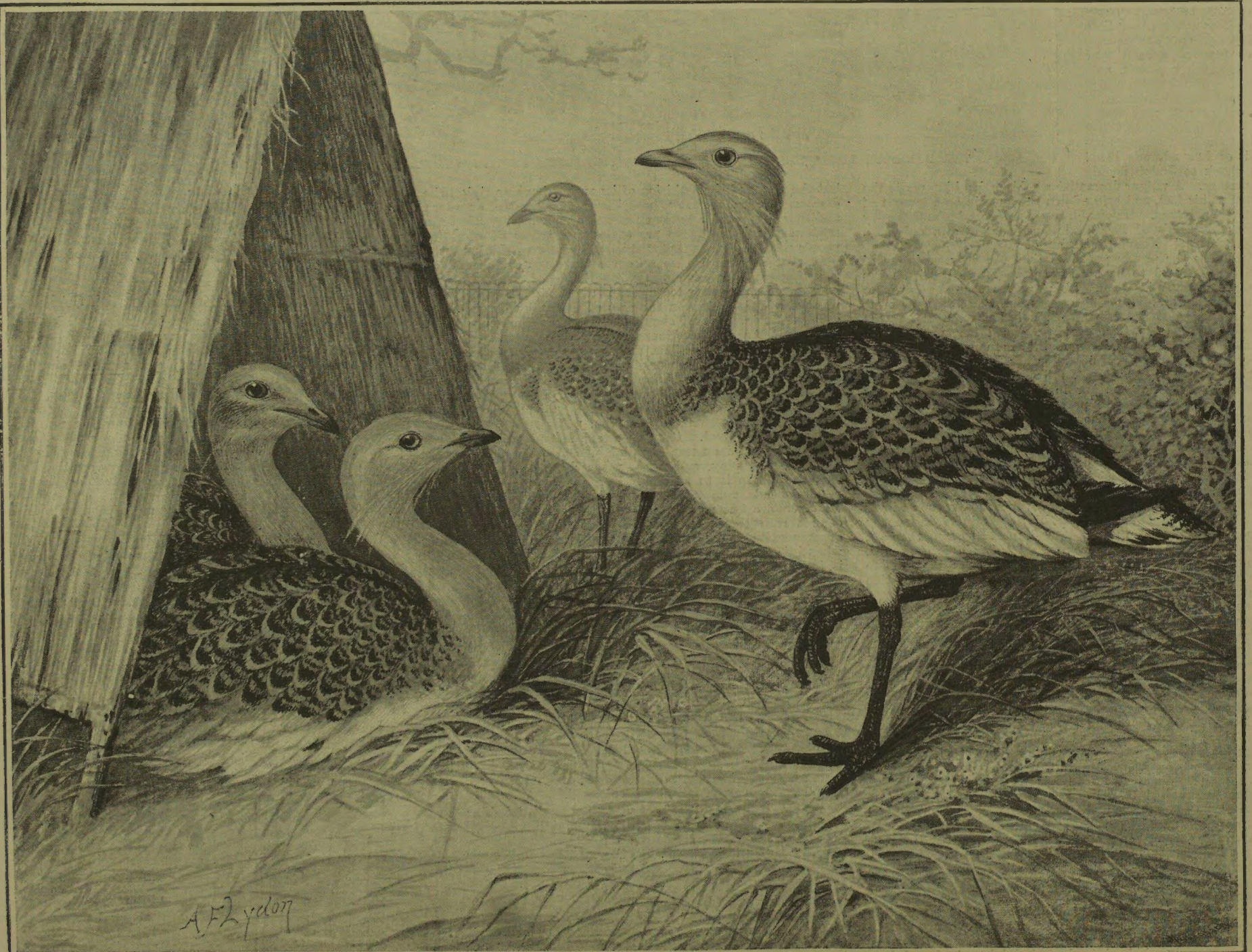
The Archbishop of York, on May 23, reopened the ancient Church of St. Peter, at Little Driffield, after complete restoration. The body of Alfred, King of Northumberland, was interred in the chancel of this church in A.D. 705.

In response to an appeal by a deputation headed by the Duke of Grafton, the Lord Mayor has agreed to open a fund for the purpose of raising a memorial to the late Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn. A letter was read from the Prince of Wales promising to lend the movement his hearty support.

Our large Engraving, published as an Extra Supplement last week, in which the smoking-room of the Carlton Club was represented, with portraits of the Cabinet Ministers and other eminent members of the Conservative Party, has been highly appreciated; but we regret to perceive one serious omission, which was purely inadvertent, in the groups of figures of well-known contemporary statesmen, drawn by our Artist. The Right Hon. Lord Knutsford, Secretary of State for the Colonies, is so justly esteemed for his past career, in both Houses of Parliament, and for his conduct in a Ministerial office of great importance, that men of all parties would gladly have recognised his portrait in the company of his colleagues, the other Cabinet Ministers.

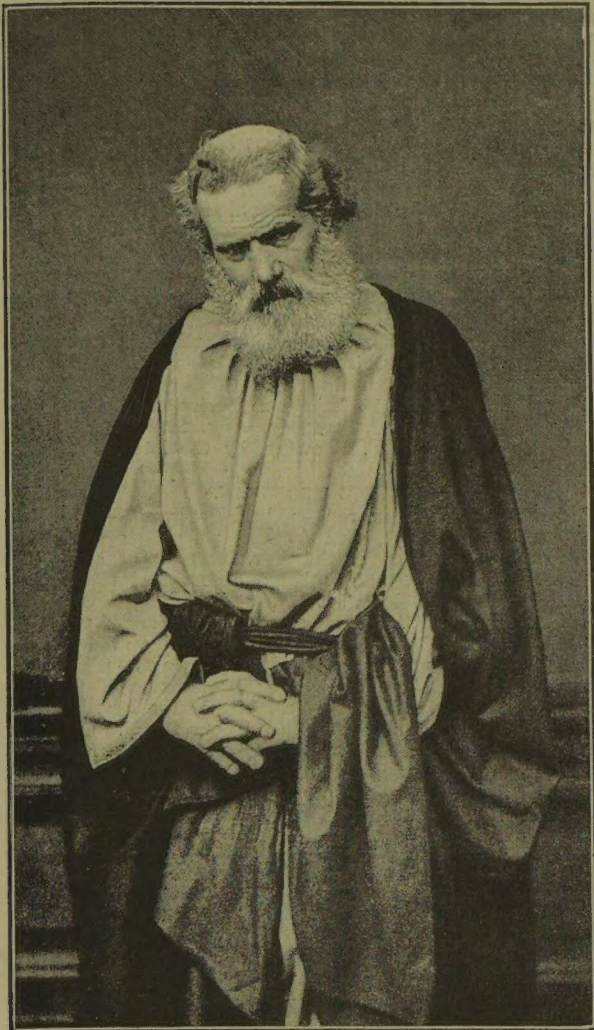


BURNING OF THE LUNATIC ASYLUM AT MONTREAL, CANADA.



GREAT BUSTARDS RECENTLY ADDED TO THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

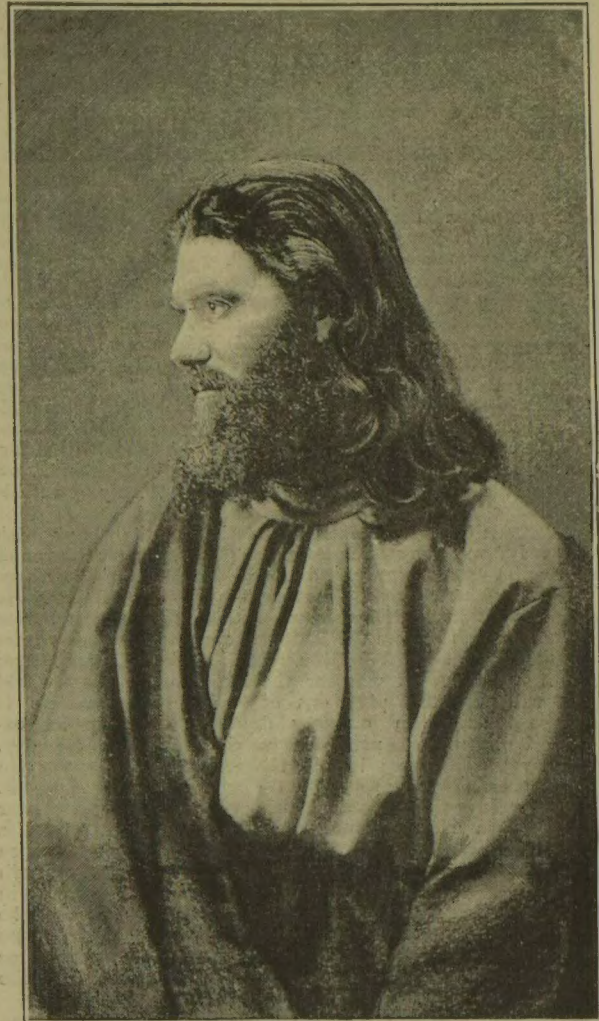
THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU, IN BAVARIA.



PETRUS (JACOB HETT).



NATHANIEL (SEBASTIAN LANG).



CHRISTUS (JOSEPH MAYER).

There are several advantages which await the visitor to the Passion Play of 1890 which were not enjoyed ten years earlier. The first of these is, of course, the extension of the railway to within a comparatively short drive from the village; the second, of scarcely less importance, is that the new road, which winds its way from Oberau railway-station to the Ettal Monastery, is very much more beautiful and picturesque than the old one in use until quite recently. It may also be added that the more gradual ascent precludes the necessity for continually alighting, as formerly. To the manifold

beauties of this drive over the Ettal justice has never been done, and it has certainly been too much the custom to underrate the attractiveness of Ober-Ammergau itself, in consequence, no doubt, of the bad weather which frequently prevails. Imagine, however, in a pleasant valley, surrounded with fir-clad mountains, a long straggling village of Swiss chalets, strongly built and substantial-looking. The houses indicate a prosperity far beyond the reach of the majority of Swiss peasants, the fact being that at the dissolution of the Ettal monastery—it is now a brewery—the land was

distributed among the neighbouring villagers. This has been supplemented, in Ober-Ammergau, by industry in wood-carving and ornamental needle-work, with the result that an atmosphere of peace and contentment everywhere prevails. The broad fronts of many of the houses are decorated with pictures illustrative of scenes in Bible history, or of more secular conceptions. These pictures were the work of one Johann Zwink, who possessed considerable artistic skill, which, until his death a few years ago, was devoted to his native village. Every one of the three hundred cottages has been painted



VASHTI AND ESTHER (INTERLUDE OF TABLEAUX VIVANTS FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT).

and decorated within and without in honour of the influx of visitors of the present season; or, rather, it had better be said that the Passion Play has been an excuse for a general and universal "spring cleaning." It ought not to be thought that a very great deal of extortion is prevalent in the village. This is not the case. Prices are usually much lower in Germany than in England; but the worst that can be said is that, owing to the Passion Play, the prices in Ober-Ammergau have reached the English level.

I have spoken with most of the leading actors in the world-renowned tragedy. All of them inspire one with the persuasion that they are men of simple life and genuine piety of mind. Of the fifteen leading male characters, eight, including the Christus, are employed as carvers of ornamental wood, one as a builder, one as a house-painter, one as a tailor, and one as a baker. Perhaps the most prosperous of all is Johann Diemer, an hotel proprietor, who, Sir Wilfrid Lawson will be glad to learn, takes the part of Herod.

Eight of the characters play the same part as they played in 1880, the most important change being the substitution of Johann Zwink for Lechner in the part of Judas. The new Judas seems only too conscious of his deficiencies at the dress rehearsal, which were remarked upon by some English newspapers. But he pleaded to me the difficulty of following so admirable an impersonator as Lechner, and the immense difficulty of the part, to say nothing of its thanklessness. From which it will be seen that that interesting German paradox, to which De Quincey has given currency in England, that Judas in his betrayal of Christ was instigated only by a noble impulse to hasten the Millennium.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of the actors with whom I have conversed is Sebastian Lang, the personator of Nathaniel—a fine, sturdy, and indeed lovable man, with a face which a painter would select as a type of manliness. He occupies the house of his deceased uncle, the famous Pastor Daisenberger, to whom the dialogue of the present play owes so much. He showed me the room in which Daisenberger died. When asked whether the influx of tourists would not vulgarise the play out of existence, or reduce it to the level of an ordinary dramatic company he expressed himself as perfectly convinced to the contrary. Forty years have passed since the attention of the German public was called to the Passion Play by Edward Devrient, the greatest of German actors, although it was ten years later that O'Shea and other newspaper correspondents gave it a vogue in England. During these forty years there has been no tendency to deterioration, and, on the contrary, through Pastor Daisenberger's agency the play has gained much in religious feeling and devotional tendency. It was true, he admitted, that there had been a great expenditure upon theatre and dresses, but only because they were needed, and it was as yet uncertain whether there would not be an actual loss to the little village.

Altogether apart from the merits of the performance, which to-morrow will declare, it is a pleasing spectacle to see this peasant community devoting its evenings to a high form of dramatic art. In November last the characters were selected by a committee of twenty leading villagers. Thence until now there have been two rehearsals every week of the different scenes. These are held in the houses of the various characters, and on Sunday afternoons there have been rehearsals of portions of the play.

Independently of the play, I may add, a visit to Ober-Ammergau is a thing to be desired—at least, when the sun shines as brightly and the sky is as blue as it has been during the past few days. High above us towers the Kopelberg, surmounted by a glittering cross. On every side Nature is at her loveliest and best. As I write, a herdsman is driving home the goats from the mountain, the goat-bells tinkling the while. The villagers come to their doors, hold out their hands, generally with a piece of bread therein, and each goat leaves its fellows and turns to its owner, so that by the time the end of the village is reached the herdsman's duties are at an end.

Ober-Ammergau, May 25.

C. K. S.

Our correspondent, in his next letter, will describe the opening performance for 1890, which took place on Monday, May 26, and will be repeated on every Sunday in June, July, August, and September, and on seven week-day holidays, in the newly built theatre, with scenery and costumes furnished by the opera-house at Vienna. The following is a list of the chief characters and the actors who represent them: "Christus," Joseph Mayer; "Petrus," Jacob Hett; "John," Peter Rendl; "Judas," Johann Zwink; "The Virgin Mary," Rosa Lang; "Mary Magdalene," Amalia Deschler; "Martha," Helena Lang; "Herod," Johann Diemer; "Annas, the High Priest," Franz Rutz; "Caiaphas," Johann Lang; "Nathaniel," Sebastian Lang; "Simon of Cyrene," Gregory Lechner; "Barabbas," Johann Oswald. The leader of the chorus is Jacob Rutz, and Joseph Gruber is conductor of the orchestra. Between the acts of the Passion Play are exhibited a series of "tableaux vivants," representing incidents of Old Testament history which have been reputed to be typical or prophetic of the gospel of Christ. One of these, from the "Book of Esther," is shown among our illustrations, with portraits of the actors representing "Christus," "Petrus," and "Nathaniel," but a more complete account of the dramatic performance will be supplied next week.

ART MAGAZINES.

In the *Magazine of Art* for June Mr. M. H. Spielmann continues his notice of current art in the Royal Academy, illustrated with engravings of some of the most noticeable pictures of the year. Mr. W. M. Rossetti concludes his study of the portraits of Robert Browning, and several fine paintings and photographs of the great poet are reproduced. Mr. Lewis F. Day contributes an interesting paper on the work of Morel-Ladeuil, the French silversmith, and Mr. Walter Armstrong gives an account of some of the art treasures in the National Gallery of Ireland. This number also contains an original poem by Lord Houghton, entitled "Easter in Florence," illustrated by Mr. J. Fulleylove, R.I.

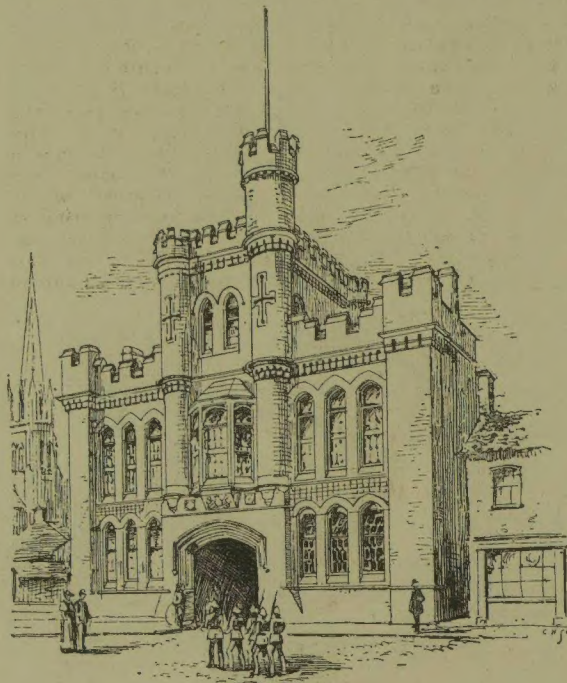
The *Art Journal* devotes some space to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, Grosvenor Gallery, and Paris Salon, and contains many illustrations from the most prominent pictures of the year. A paper on Venetian door-knockers will interest lovers of artistic antiquity; and Mr. Clement Dent's "Alpine Scenery" will arouse all the latent enthusiasm of the mountaineer. Mr. Percy Pinkerton, in "Pippa's Country," gives us a charming description of the lovely little town of Isola, so much beloved and extolled by Robert Browning.

We have received from Messrs. Cassell and Co. two parts of "Royal Academy Pictures," being an extra supplement to the *Magazine of Art*, and containing fifty or sixty engravings of the pictures in the current exhibition.

Mr. Henry Cust, M.P., has been instrumental in obtaining a recreation ground for Bourn, Lincolnshire, the opening ceremony of which took place on May 26.

NEW VOLUNTEER DRILL HALL, LINCOLN.

The fine drill hall erected at the cost of Mr. Joseph Ruston, Monks' Manor, Lincoln, was opened by the Right Hon. E. Stanhope, Secretary of State for War, on Saturday, May 24. Not only have the Headquarter Companies of the 1st Lincolnshire Volunteer Battalion been provided with a drill hall which embraces every requisite, but the building, with its frontage of 55 ft. to Broadgate, is an ornament to the city. The front elevation, of red brick and stone, with Ancaster dressings, presents a military aspect, with its embattlements and watch-turret. The gateway is 10 ft. wide, and above it the Royal arms are skilfully carved out of stone. On entering we find to the right the officers' room, an apartment



THE NEW VOLUNTEER DRILL HALL, LINCOLN.

24 ft. by 18 ft.; to the left, the Adjutant's room, of the same dimensions, with an office for the Sergeant-Major. The large hall beyond is 140 ft. long by 50 ft. wide, and a movable platform will be fitted for meetings and other purposes. The floor is a special feature, suitable for the purposes of drilling. It is formed of wooden blocks 10 in. by 2½ in. by 1½ in., laid in pitch, on a solid foundation of concrete and cement. This deadens the sound of a body of men marching and manoeuvring. The armoury is 62 ft. by 15 ft., of sufficient capacity to store the whole arms of the battalion if at any time necessary; adjoining this is an armourer's workshop and a magazine, where several hundred thousand rounds of ammunition could be stored. On the north side of the hall is the gymnasium, 50 ft. by 30 ft., with lavatory attached, also stores for military clothing and accoutrements, with adjacent closets, and the quarters of the Sergeant-Major. Mr. Ruston has not forgotten that disastrous times for the poor may again unhappily overtake us, and in connection with the hall he has therefore provided a soup-kitchen, fitted with coppers and every appliance for cooking food. Near the entrance gateway a broad and easy staircase gives access to a balcony capable of accommodating 150 people, commanding a view of the hall. Behind this balcony and fronting Broadgate is a large reading and recreation room for the men, and the non-commissioned officers' recreation-room will be comfortably furnished. The architect of the building is Major F. H. Goddard (Messrs. Goddard and Son, Lincoln). The building contract has been carried out by Messrs. H. S. and W. Close, Lincoln.

The preachers at Westminster Abbey on the Sundays in June are: The 1st (Trinity Sunday), the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck, at 10 a.m. in choir; Canon Furze, at 3 p.m. in choir; Bishop Barry, at 7 p.m. in nave. The 8th (Hospital Sunday), Canon Furze (offertory for Hospital Sunday Fund), at 10 a.m. in choir; the Rev. Llewellyn Davies, at 3 p.m. in choir; Prebendary Eyton, at 7 p.m. in nave. The 15th, the Rev. Watson Failes, at 10 a.m. in choir; Canon Furze, at 3 p.m. in choir; Bishop of Ripon, at 7 p.m. in nave. The 22nd, the Rev. Henry Bather, at 10 a.m. in choir; Canon Furze, at 3 p.m. in choir; the Rev. F. J. Chavasse, at 7 p.m. in nave. The 29th (St. Peter's Day), Canon Furze, at 10 a.m. in choir; the Rev. C. Gore, at 3 p.m. in choir; Archbishop of York, at 7 p.m. in nave.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK, MAY 31, 1890.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates: To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Two-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*. To Australia, Brazil, *Two-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*. To Jamaica, Mauritius, and Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), *Two-pence*; THIN EDITION, *Two-pence*. To New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Three-pence*; THIN EDITION, *Two-pence*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Four-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-pence*.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

Ready June 16.

OUR SUMMER NUMBER.

NEW STORY BY BRET HARTE,

ENTITLED

"A WARD OF THE GOLDEN GATE,"

ILLUSTRATED BY

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OBITUARY.

THE HON. SIR ALEXANDER HAMILTON GORDON, K.C.B.

General the Honourable Sir Alexander Hamilton Gordon, K.C.B., died at Lennox Gardens, aged seventy-two. He was second son of George, fourth Earl of Aberdeen, K.G., K.T. (the Prime Minister), by Harriet, his wife, daughter of the Hon. John Douglas, and mother of the first Duke of Abercorn. He entered the Grenadier Guards in 1834, and became full General in 1877. He served on the staff in the Crimea, and had medal with four clasps, the Turkish medal, and the Legion of Honour. This distinguished officer was Equerry to the Prince Consort, and Hon. Equerry to the Queen. He sat in Parliament for East Aberdeenshire from 1875 to 1885. He married, Dec. 9, 1852, Caroline, Member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, daughter of Sir John Herschel, Bart., and leaves several sons and daughters.

THE HON. ARTHUR LEGGE.

General the Hon. Arthur Charles Legge, Hon. Colonel 1st Volunteer Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment, D.L. for Kent, died on May 18, at Caynton, aged eighty-nine. He was youngest son of George, third Earl of Dartmouth, K.G., by Frances, his wife, daughter of the third Earl of Aylesford. He entered the Army in 1816, and attained the rank of General in 1877. He married, first, June 1, 1827, Anne Frederica, daughter of John, Earl of Sheffield; and, secondly, Aug. 29, 1837, Caroline, daughter of Mr. J. C. P. Bouwens, by the latter of whom he leaves issue.

THE O'DONOVAN.

Henry Winthrop O'Donovan—"The O'Donovan"—chieftain of an ancient Irish sept, died on May 24, aged seventy-eight. He was youngest son of the Rev. Morgan O'Donovan, The O'Donovan, Chief of Clan Cathal, and succeeded to the estates at the death of his eldest brother, the late Morgan O'Donovan of Liss Ard, in 1870. He was a considerable landed proprietor, a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant, and served as High Sheriff of the county of Cork in 1889. He was Chairman of the Ilen Valley Railway Company and Chairman of the Local Gas Company, as well as representative of the Board of Trade on the Baltimore and Skibbereen Harbour Board. O'Donovan married, July 15, 1848, Amelia, daughter of De Courcy O'Grady of Killballyowen, in the county of Limerick, and leaves one son, Morgan William, born in 1861, and one daughter, Anne Melian, married in 1883 to Major Allan Neason Adams, 25th Regiment.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Canon Williams, B.D., Vicar of Llanelly, formerly Professor of Welsh at Lampeter College, on May 17.

Mrs. Isabella Frere, widow of Mr. George Edward Frere of Roydon Hall, Norfolk, and daughter and coheir of Mr. William Tudor of Kelston Knoll, Bath, on May 17, aged seventy-nine.

The Rev. Charles Lacy, M.A., Rector of All Hallows on the Wall, London, on May 17, in his ninety-sixth year. He was the oldest clergyman in the London diocese, and the oldest J.P. for Herts and Bucks.

Major Lionel Langley, R.E., Executive Engineer, D.P.W., in the Kistna Eastern Division, on April 18, at Kulloor, near Secunderabad, aged thirty-nine, from wounds, caused by a tiger. He was eldest son of General Sir G. C. Langley, K.C.B.

Mr. David Buchanan, a well-known colonist, Barrister-at-Law and member in several Parliaments of New South Wales, whose death is announced, was son of Mr. William Buchanan, Q.C., of Edinburgh, was born in 1822, and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple.

Charles Henry, Count Dillon, formerly page to Charles X. of France, and Colonel of a cavalry regiment in the French Service, on May 12, aged eighty-two. He was a descendant of one of the numerous members of the Irish house of Dillon who gained distinction in foreign service.

Mr. James William Murland, Chairman of the Great Northern Railway Company of Ireland and Deputy Chairman of the Great Southern and Western Railway, Chairman likewise of the Royal Bank, and a Commissioner of National Education, suddenly, at his residence, Nutley, near Dublin, on May 20, aged seventy-six. Mr. Murland was held in the highest esteem, not only for his personal qualities, but also for his sound judgment and capacity in commercial matters.

EPSOM RACES—"THE DERBY AND OAKS."

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company announce that they are making special arrangements so that trains may be dispatched at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge stations direct to their racecourse station on the Epsom Downs near the Grand Stand, and, for the convenience of passengers from the Northern and Midland Counties, arrangements have been made with the several railway companies to issue through tickets to the Racecourse station from all their principal stations via Kensington or Victoria, to which stations the trains of the London and North Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways are now running. The Brighton Company also give notice that their West End offices—28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square—will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, June 2, 3, and 5, for the sale of the special tickets to the Epsom Downs Racecourse station, at the same fares as charged from Victoria and London Bridge stations.

The annual demonstration of the children attending the Sunday-schools of the Church of England in Manchester took place on Whit Monday. About 20,000 children walked in procession through the principal thoroughfares of the city, and afterwards attended a special service in the cathedral.

The Halifax Sunday-School Jubilee—an event taking place at intervals of five years—was held on May 27. Ninety-three schools of the town and district took part, representing 3598 teachers and 26,287 scholars, in addition to whom there were 600 vocal performers and 550 instrumentalists. The musical programme included six hymns, three choruses, and the National Anthem, Mr. Thomas Wadsworth conducting.

The bazaar announced to be held in the grounds of University College, in aid of the funds of the hospital, will probably attract attention to this most deserving and, perhaps, most needy of our public charities. Situated in a district whence the richer inhabitants are steadily migrating, University College Hospital owes to the neighbourhood of three important railways a constant influx of serious cases—surgical and medical—from all parts of the kingdom. The fête, which will be opened by the Duchess of Fife, offers a variety of attraction to suit all tastes, and, while the more frivolous may enjoy dramatic and miscellaneous entertainments in which a number of leading actors and actresses will appear, the more curious may hear their inmost thoughts read by Miss Murphy, the amateur palmist; and the more serious may have tea in the famous Flaxman Gallery, which contains the statues and reliefs bequeathed to the College by that distinguished sculptor.

WHEN SUMMER COMES.

Already people are beginning to ask themselves what they will do when summer comes. Where will they go, how will they make the most of it, and what plans are most likely to fill the cup of their enjoyment to the brim? These and the like questions are, we say, agitating the social community. We are always looking forward, always discounting the future, and very few of us possess the faculty of enjoying the present—at least, so say the pessimist and cynic—and then, making the Pope-ish declaration that "man never is but always to be blest," they conclude that life is a vain thing and not worth living. No doubt the pleasures of anticipation often exceed those of realisation, and, in the matter of summer, they certainly must often do so, for truly in this climate there is frequently too little gratification to be had out of the season itself. Any delight we may experience on that point has to be found in looking forward to it, which being so, it follows that the then present is fully appreciated. Why, therefore, should we not always act on this principle? Why should we not in this present Anno Domini accept things as they are, and revel in them accordingly—independently, that is, of any onward outlook? It seems to us, the more we make of the present for its own sake, the more we shall extract from the future; for if there be nothing to extract from that, we shall not have wasted what we actually possess—that which is to come does not yet belong to us.

Of course much depends on individual temperament, but it is a libel and a scandal to maintain that any but the curmudgeon and the grumbler live only on what is to come. Cheerful, lighthearted, hopeful people—faithful, devoted, unselfish women particularly—live every moment of their lives, and are happy in their mere existence, if not on their own account, at least on account of others; they are happy mainly because they are for ever trying to make everybody else so. Their very presence is a joy, a summer-tide in itself. They are the salt of the earth, and conjure precisely in the same fashion as nature is doing now. By their magic sunshine they socially transform our very being, just as Phœbus himself is transforming the grey-brown dreary aspect of the land into a glowing blossoming panorama of verdure and beauty. Naturally such spirits are full of promise, again like the season, and, even if it be not entirely fulfilled, it cannot lessen the intrinsic worth of the promise itself. Bright, encouraging looks, gracious, kindly words and deeds, put heart into a man or woman, making them happy and comely to behold, exactly as the tremulous warmth of approaching summer calls up the sap in the plant and tree. Willy-nilly, humanity smiles, even as the earth smiles; and, if sorrow and suffering cannot be banished wholly from the world, or storm and gloom be stayed from sweeping across the landscape, still they can both be faced with higher courage and with a greater likelihood of victory, if we are conscious that behind the cloud the sunlight is ready to burst out with encouraging warmth and light.

When summer comes there may be a fuller meed of enjoyment awaiting us; but, meanwhile, if we are only at present standing on its threshold, who shall say we are not blest in that fact alone? There is a sweetness and a savour hanging about the portals which, rightly appreciated, will be found as exhilarating as any of the perfumes within the inner penetralia of the glorious temple.

"Thank Providence for spring," says Nathaniel Hawthorne; and since, according to the calendar, summer does not commence till June 21, any reasonable time this side of that date may be counted as the threshold of the genial solstice. Thus we shall still be within the letter of the law if we speak of this present season as an hour in which man is especially blest, and justify our listening to the charming author of "The Scarlet Letter" for yet a few more sentences. "The earth," he continues, "and man himself, by sympathy with his birthplace, would be far other than we find them if life toiled wearily onward without this periodical infusion of the primal spirit. Will the world ever be so decayed that spring may not renew its greenness? Can man be so dismally age-stricken that no faintest sunshine of his youth may revisit him once a year? It is impossible. The moss on our timeworn mansion brightens into beauty; the good old pastor who once dwelt here renewed his prime, regained his boyhood, in the genial breezes of his ninetieth spring! Alas for the worn and heavy soul if, whether in youth or age, it have outlived its privilege of springtime sprightliness! From such a soul the world must hope no reformation of its evil, no sympathy with the lofty faith and gallant struggles of those who contend in its behalf. Summer works in the present, and thinks not of the future; autumn is a rich conservative; winter has utterly lost its faith, and clings tremulously to the remembrance of what has been; but spring, with its outgushing life, is the true type of the movement."

Yes, and we would add, the true type of the situation, the philosophical exemplar of that trustful, hopeful spirit which is capable of entirely enjoying the present, whether it be summer, autumn, winter, or spring. Moreover, we would urge that there is no reason why spring should not in some respects emulate the action attributed by Hawthorne to summer. Although it is obviously only a progressive time, working forward to completion, and to that extent, therefore, compelled to have an eye to the future, this need not preclude a glad contentment for the time being with what already exists. Happiness should flourish and go on increasing with every opening bud and leaf. Every perfected item and object in Nature's great laboratory is a reason for that satisfaction which is twin-brother to happiness; just as every good act completed brings the reward of happiness to the doer. Every effort cannot succeed on the part of the Mighty Mother any more than on our own. Blights, untimely frosts, vexatious winds, rains, or droughts, may retard, canker, or destroy her maturing beauty, exactly, on the other hand, as cross purposes, bad tempers, evil-speaking, lying, and the like may paralyse our noblest endeavours; but these things are inevitable, and they are no reason for despondency or vain bewailing. They should be but stimulants to fresh attempts, and with every fresh attempt there is a renewal of happiness. In the words of another American writer, we should sing—

No endeavour is in vain,
Its reward is in the doing;
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.

But that prize is an inestimable blessing, the only true source of human happiness, and, consequently, it must be happiness in the present. Do not, therefore, dwell too persistently on the question of what is to be done when summer comes; be happy

and contented now, enjoy the beauty, the charm by which we are surrounded, and because you do so you need not turn a deaf ear to the possibility of even still better things in store—when they come is time enough, however, to think of the way in which we can best utilise them. Nor, finally, need this system blind you to the cares and responsibilities incidental to every moment of our lives, in the present no less than in the future. They are always with us in some shape, and we are no more likely to get rid of them by-and-by than we are even while writing or reading these words.

W. W. F.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE ARMY OFFERING.

The magnificent piece of silver plate, subscribed for by the officers of the British military forces as a gift to the Queen in commemoration of her Jubilee, was presented to her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, on May 10, by the Duke of Cambridge, with the Presentation Committee and a deputation representing the whole of the forces. The design is the work of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., and has occupied him nearly three years, produced in the form of a large centrepiece worked in hammered silver gilt. Its idea is to represent the power and greatness of the Empire over which the Queen reigns. In a sea of coloured marble, mounted on an ebony base, float two tritons, supporting on their heads and tails the body of the piece. On the front edge stands a figure of St. George bearing the head of the slain dragon in his left hand. On the rear edge stands a figure of



THE ARMY JUBILEE GIFT TO THE QUEEN.

Britannia, around whose head runs the legend "Sol mea testis." A stem arises out of the basin, and bears a globe of pure crystal. On the top of this globe rests a double-tailed mermaid, the wings and tails of which are inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The wings and tails support a large shell, and from the knob of the shell rises the headpiece, making the whole about forty inches in height. The summit is a figure of the Goddess of Peace, on a small globe of lapis-lazuli, bearing in one arm a sheaf of palms and in the other hand a flaming torch, and crowned with a double crown.

The Duke of Montrose, K.T., has been appointed Lord Clerk Register for Scotland, in the room of the late Earl of Glasgow.

Lord Rosebery presided over the annual Congress of Co-operators of Great Britain and Ireland, opened in Glasgow on May 26, and gave an address in eulogy of the movement.

At the annual meeting of the Order of Ancient Shepherds, held in Manchester on May 26, Mr. George Abbott, the chief shepherd, stated that during the year £79,043 had been paid to members, and, after making allowances for management expenses, a balance of £23,800 was carried forward to the capital account, which now amounts to £264,706.

A combined land and sea attack upon Dover was made on May 27. A force from Shorncliffe, representing a body that had landed at an undefended part of the coast, crept along by the London road, unperceived from Dover garrison and the forts, until it had arrived close to Fort Burgoyne. The subsequent attack by this force upon the castle failed. While the bombardment from the sea was proceeding, a party of Marines landed in the face of a fire which must have annihilated an enemy in war. Four of her Majesty's ships, from a position about four thousand yards from the Admiralty Pier, engaged the Eastern and Western batteries, and it was under cover of their fire that the Marines landed. After two hours' conflict, the "Cease fire" sounded. The Umpire's report was not issued when our early edition was put to press.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

On Wednesday, May 21, in the presence of a crowd of spectators, the annual ceremony of trooping the colour in honour of the Queen's birthday was performed, as usual, on the Horse Guards' Parade. Shortly after nine o'clock the battalion of the Guards, with their bands, and a squadron of the 2nd Life Guards, were on the ground. The windows of the Government offices, as well as the roofs, were crowded with sightseers, and stands had been erected in the gardens at the Admiralty and the Treasury. The first of the Royal personages to arrive was the King of the Belgians, who was conducted to a window in the Levée-room of the Horse Guards. Shortly afterwards came Princess Christian with her daughters, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Beatrice, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife. Next came Queen Isabella of Spain, accompanied by the Spanish Ambassador, Princess Mary Adelaide and Princess Victoria were followed by the Princess of Wales with Princesses Victoria and Maud. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Albert Victor, and Prince Henry of Battenberg rode on to the ground at half past ten, attended by the Headquarters Staff of the Army. They were received with a Royal salute and the National Anthem. The line was at once inspected, the massed bands playing the Jubilee march of the Prussian Royal Dragoon Guards, of which the Queen is Colonel. The 1st Battalion Scots Guards furnished the escort for the colour, receiving it from the senior Sergeant-Major and conducting it down the line. Afterwards the troops marched past in slow and quick time, headed by the Household Cavalry. The stately and picturesque ceremony is the subject of one of our illustrations, from an instantaneous photograph supplied by Mr. L. Marks, manager of the Fine Art Military and Sporting Gallery, 61, Pall-mall.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The tour of President Carnot in the South progresses without any very noteworthy incident. Everywhere the Chief of the State is received with cordiality, the trip consisting mostly of banquets, complimentary speeches, and the distribution of prizes in the form of the Red Ribbon among local functionaries.—At the Chantilly Meeting, M. P. Donon won the Prix de Diane (French Oaks) with Wandora, M. Aumont's *Nativa* being second, and M. J. Prat's *Liliane* third. Six others ran.—The Horticultural Society's show in the Champs Elysées opened on the 22nd, the rhododendrons, orchids, and calceolarias being particularly fine. The Minister of Agriculture's gold medal was awarded to Mr. Sanders, of St. Albans, for his collection of orchids.—The annual dog show was opened on the 24th in the former Orangerie of the Tuileries; 800 dogs are exhibited.—A violent storm occurred in Paris on the 25th.—The fêtes at Montpellier to celebrate the sixth centenary of the university were brilliantly inaugurated on the 22nd.

The German Emperor on May 23 held the annual review of the Berlin and Spandau garrisons, and was most loyally greeted by the people as he passed to and from the Tempelhoferfeld. The Empress and most of the Imperial family were present.

On the 24th the Emperor reviewed the garrison at Potsdam, at their annual parade. At the banquet in the evening, to which the British Ambassador and his Staff had been invited, the Emperor took occasion to note that it was the birthday of Queen Victoria, whose health he proposed with all honour. While the Emperor William and the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen were driving from Potsdam to the landing-stage, on the 25th, the horse shied, and the carriage was overturned, but both occupants escaped without any serious injury.—The Emperor has contributed 20,000 marks towards a new German hospital at Zanzibar, to be built under the auspices of the East African Protestant Missionary Society.

The Crown Princess of Denmark gave birth, on May 23, to a daughter, her eighth child. The event was announced in Copenhagen by salutes of twenty-one guns. The Princess and the infant are progressing favourably.

The Crown Prince of Italy arrived at Moscow on May 26, and met with a cordial reception from the people. His Royal Highness proceeded to the Kremlin Palace, where he will reside during his stay.

Intelligence received at Constantinople states that the village of Kayi, in the district of Refahie, has been destroyed by an earthquake. There was, fortunately, no loss of life, as two days previously subterranean rumblings were heard and cracks appeared in the ground, in consequence of which the inhabitants left the village.

The Earl of Hopetoun, the Governor, opened the Victorian Parliament on May 21, congratulating his hearers upon the general prosperity of the country.

MARRIAGES.

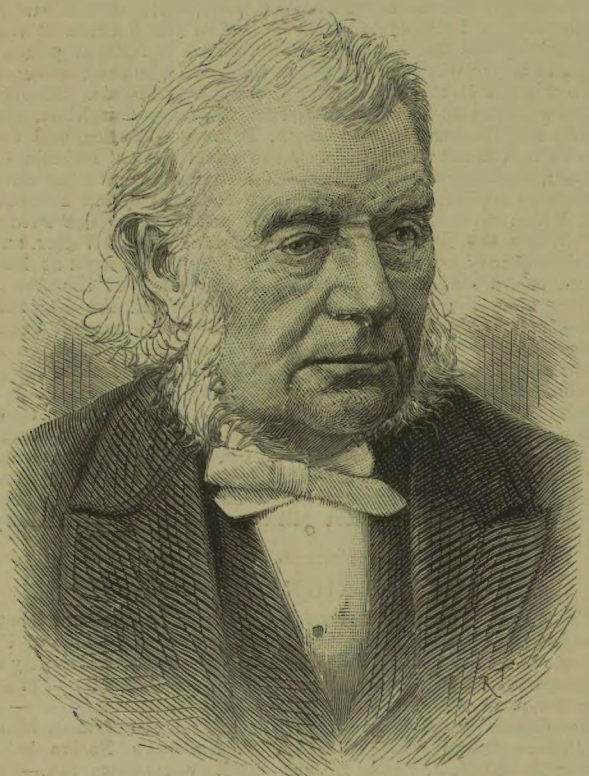
The marriage of General Sir Charles Henry Brownlow, G.C.B., of 14, St. James's-place, S.W., and Miss Georgina King, eldest daughter of the late Mr. William Charles King, of Warfield Hall, Bracknell, took place at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, on May 22. The bride, who was given away by Colonel Jary, wore white silk and porcelain brocade, with sapphire-velvet sleeves, and Court train and white-lace bonnet to match. Her ornaments were diamonds. The Rev. Maltby Crofton Brownlow, of Dorking, a cousin of the bridegroom, was best man. Mrs. Blacker, of Hans-place, a sister of the bride, also attended.

The marriage of Dr. Thomas Stafford, Local Government Inspector for Ulster, to Miss King-Harman, daughter of the late Right Hon. Edward King-Harman, Under-Secretary for Ireland, took place on May 22 at the parish church of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster.

The marriage of Mr. Ernest Farquhar and Miss Theresa Lister, daughter of Sir Villiers Lister, took place in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on May 23. The Hon. Harold Denison was the best man; and the bridesmaids were Misses Kitty, Constance, and Mary Lister, sisters of the bride; Lady Bertha Wilbraham, Miss Violet Ponsonby, and Miss Borthwick. The bride was given away by her father.

A Civil List pension of £50 a year has been granted to Mrs. Wood, the widow of the Rev. J. G. Wood, the celebrated naturalist.

The Lord Mayor has remitted to the Mayor of Newport, Monmouthshire, £7333 1s. 9d., being the amount received at the Mansion House in aid of the sufferers by the recent accident at the Llanerch Colliery, Abersychan, in which 175 men lost their lives, leaving 70 widows, 240 children, and 30 other relatives. The various funds throughout the country have collected about £27,000 in all.



THE LATE REV. F. W. GOTCH, LL.D.

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR LINTORN SIMMONS.

General Sir John Lintorn Arabin Simmons, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Colonel Commandant Royal Engineers, has been promoted, as well as Sir Frederick Haines, to the rank of Field-Marshal. Sir Lintorn Simmons received his commission as Second Lieutenant on Dec. 14, 1837, was raised to Lieutenant on Oct. 15, 1839, was gazetted Captain on Nov. 9, 1846, Major on July 14, 1854, Lieutenant-Colonel on Dec. 12, 1854, Colonel on Dec. 12, 1857, Major-General March 6, 1868, Lieutenant-Colonel Aug. 17, 1872, and General Oct. 1, 1877. He was employed three years in the disputed territory on the north-east frontier of the United States in constructing works for its defence and in making military explorations. He was in Turkey in 1853, and was specially employed by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe on several important services; joined Osmar Pasha in March 1854; escorted the new Governor into Silistria, and was present during part of the siege of that fortress. In

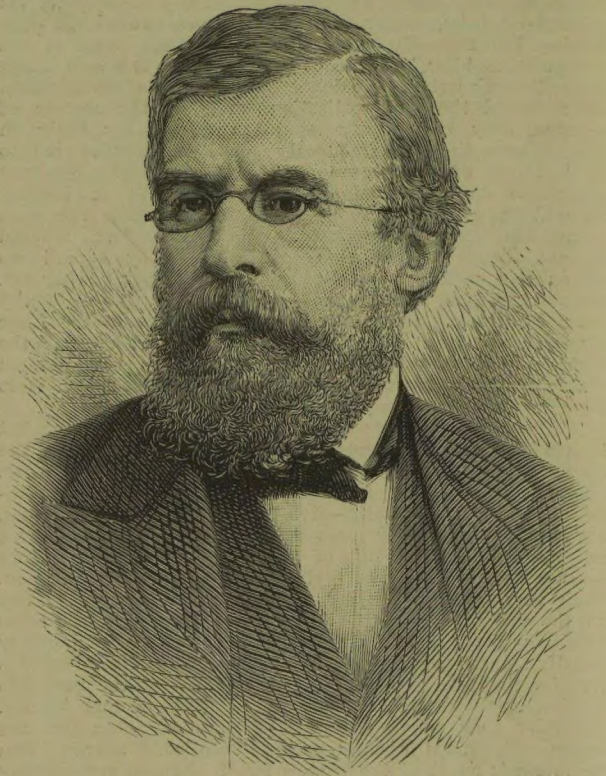


FIELD-MARSHAL SIR LINTORN SIMMONS, G.C.B.

December 1854 he went to the Crimea to concert with the allied Commanders-in-Chief as to the movements of the Turkish army; was present at the battle of Eupatoria, and was before Sebastopol from April 1855 until after its fall. He then went to Mingrelia, and was at the forced passage of the Ingur, where he commanded the division which crossed the river and turned the enemy's position, capturing the guns and works. He was also her Majesty's Commissioner for laying out the Turco-Russian boundary in Asia ten years ago, and from 1884 to 1888 was Governor of Malta; last year he was sent on a special diplomatic mission to the Papal Court at Rome.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE HOOPER.

The death of this able and useful contributor to a valuable department of contemporary literature is much regretted beyond the circle of his personal friends. He was probably the best English writer of military history among those not belonging to the military profession. Mr. George Hooper was born at Oxford in 1824, and began his career as a journalist in London about 1848. He wrote much for the *Leader*, the *Globe*, and the *Spectator*. In 1868 he went to Bombay, where he edited the *Bombay Gazette* until 1871. From 1872 to 1886 he was on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. His first work of permanent history was "The Italian

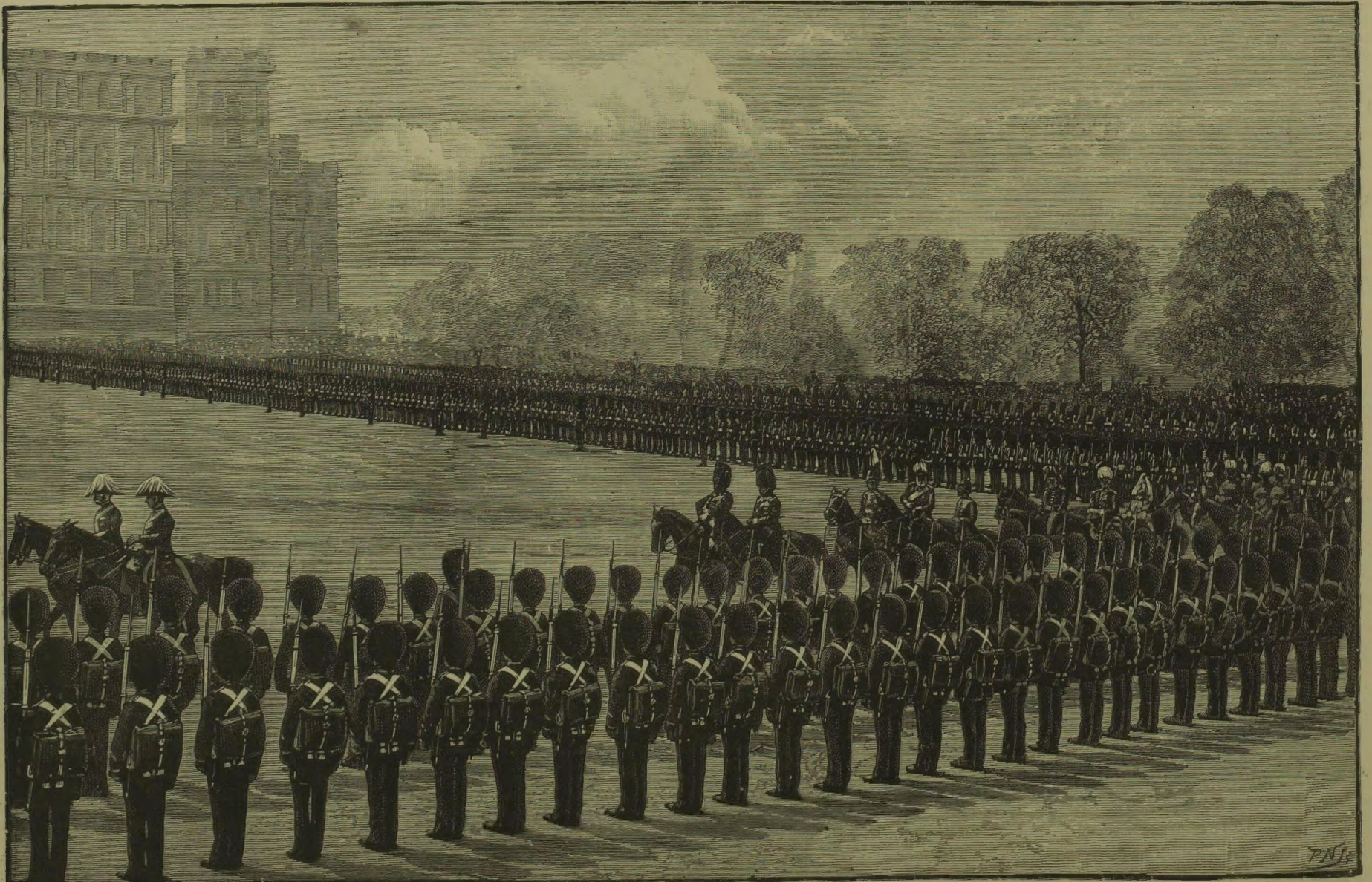


THE LATE MR. GEORGE HOOPER.

Campaigns of General Bonaparte," published in 1859. This was followed after an interval by a volume on "The Campaign of Waterloo," which appeared in 1862 and achieved considerable success. During the last four years Mr. Hooper produced his "Campaign of Sedan" and "Wellington" in the "Men of Action" series of English biography.

THE LATE REV. DR. GOTCH.

The Rev. Dr. F. W. Gotch, a Baptist minister, who was one of the Old Testament Revision Committee, died some days ago, in his eighty-third year. He was born at Kettering, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and in January 1836 became pastor of a church at Boxmoor. In 1845 he became classical and mathematical tutor at the Bristol Baptist College, and on Mr. Crisp's death, in 1868, he was elected president. His son, Mr. Frank Gotch, is assistant professor of physiology at Oxford.



TROOPING THE COLOUR ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY: ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.



DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

Before Mrs. Feilding left the gallery she had made twenty friends for life, and had laid a solid foundation for her Sunday evenings.

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

PART II.—CHAPTER XXII.

THE END OF WORLDLY TROUBLES.

NOT more than five minutes afterwards, Mrs. Elstree arrived upon this scene of wreck. The splintered panels, the broken lock, the axe lying on the floor, proclaimed aloud that there had been an Incident of some gravity—certainly what we have called a Deplorable Incident.

Such a thing as a Deplorable Incident in such a place and with such a man was, indeed, remarkable. Mrs. Elstree gazed upon the wreck with astonishment unfeigned: she turned to the tenant of the studio, who stood exactly where Armorel had left him. As the sea when the storm has ceased continues to heave in sullen anger, so that majestic spirit still heaved with wrath as yet unappeased.

In answer to the mute question of her eyes, he growled, and threw himself into his study-chair. When she picked up the axe and bore it back to its place, he growled. When she pointed to the door, he growled again.

She looked at his angry face, and she laughed gently. The last time we saw her she was pale and hysterical. She was now smiling, apparently in perfect health of body and ease of mind. Perhaps she was a very good actress—off the stage: perhaps she shook off things easily. Otherwise one does not always step from a highly nervous and hysterical condition to one of happiness and cheerfulness.

"There appears to have been a little unpleasantness," she said softly. "Something, apparently an axe—something hard and sharp—has been brought into contact with the door. It has been awkward for the door. There has been, I suppose, an earthquake."

He said nothing, but drummed the table with his fingers—a sign of impatient and enforced listening.

"Earthquakes are dangerous things, sometimes. Meanwhile, Alec, if I were you I would have the broken bits taken away." She touched the bell on the table. "Ford"—this was the name of the discreet man-servant—"will you kindly take the door, which you see is broken, off its hinges and send it away to be mended. We will manage with the curtain."

"What do you want, Zoe?"—when this operation had been effected—"what is the important news you have to bring me? And why have you given up your berth? I suppose you think I am able to find you a place just by lifting up my little finger? And I hear you have gone without a moment's notice, just as if you had run away?"

"I did run away, Alec," she replied. "After what has—been done"—she caught her breath—"I was obliged to run away. I could no longer stay."

"What has been done, then? Did Armorel tell you? No—she couldn't."

"She has told me nothing. I have hardly seen her at all during the last few days. Of course, I know that you proposed to her—because you went off with that purpose; and that she refused you—because that was certain. And, now, don't begin scolding and questioning, because we have got something much more important to discuss. I have given up my charge of Armorel, and I have come here. If you possibly can, Alec, clear up your face a little, forget the earthquake, and behave with some attempt at politeness. I insist," she added sharply, "upon being treated with some pretence at politeness."

"Mind, I am in no mood to listen to a pack of complaints and squabbles and jealousies."

"Whatever mind you are in, my dear Alec, it wants the sweetening. You shall have no squabbles or jealousies. I will not even ask who brought along the earthquake—though, of course, it was an Angel in the House. They are generally the cause of all the earthquakes. Fortunately for you, I am not jealous. The important thing about which I want to talk to you is money, Alec—money."

Something in her manner seemed to hold out promise. A drowning man catches at a straw. Alec lifted his gloomy face.

"What's the use?" he said. "You have failed to get money in the way I suggested. I haven't got any left at all. And we are now at the very end. All is over and done, Zoe. The game is ended. We must throw up the sponge."

"Not just yet, dear Alec," she said softly.

"Look here, Zoe"—he softened a little. "I have thought over things. I shall have to disappear for a while, I believe, till things blow over. Now, here's just a gleam of luck. Jagenal the lawyer has been here to-day. He came to tell me that he has discovered somehow something belonging to me. He says it will run up to nearly a thousand pounds. It isn't much, but it is something. Now, Zoe, I mean to convert that thousand into cash—notes—portable property—and I shall keep it in my pocket. Don't think I am going to let the creditors have much of that! If the smash has to come off, I will then give you half, and keep the other half myself. Meantime, the possession of the money may stave off the smash. But if it comes, we will go away—different ways, you know—and own each other no more."

"Not exactly, my dear Alec. You may go away, if you please, but I shall go with you. For the future, I mean to go the same way as you—with you—beside you."

"Oh!" His face did not betray immoderate joy at this prospect. "I suppose you have got something else to say. If that was all, I should ask how you propose to pay for your railway ticket and your hotel bill."

"Of course I have got something else to say."

"It must be something substantial, then. Look here, Zoe: this is really no time for fooling. Everything, I tell you, has

gone, and all at once. I can't explain. Credit—everything!"

"I have read," said Zoe, taking the most comfortable chair and lying well back in it, "that the wise man once discovered that everybody must be either a hammer or an anvil. I think it was Voltaire. He resolved on becoming the hammer. You, Alec, made the same useful discovery. You, also, became a hammer. So far, you have done pretty well, considering. But now there is a sudden check, and you are thrown out altogether."

"Well?"

"That seems to show that your plans were incomplete. Your ideas were sound, but they were not fully developed."

"I don't know you this morning, Zoe. I have never heard you talk like this before."

"You have never known me, Alec," she replied, perhaps a little sadly. "You have never tried to know me. Well—I know all. Mr. Roland Lee, the painter, was one anvil—you played upon him very harmoniously. Effie Wilmot was another. Now, Alec, don't"—she knew the premonitory symptoms—"don't begin to deny, either with the 'D' or without, because, I assure you, I know everything. You are like the ostrich, who buries his head in the sand and thinks himself invisible. Don't deny things, because it is quite useless. Before we go a step farther I am going to make you understand exactly. I know the whole story. I have suspected things for a long time, and now I have learned the truth. I learned it bit by bit through the fortunate accident of living with Armorel, who has been the real discoverer. First I saw the man's work, and I saw at once where you got your pictures from, and what was the meaning of certain words that had passed from Armorel. Why, Armorel was the model—your model, and you didn't know it. And the coast scenery is her scenery—the Scilly Isles, where you have never been. I won't tell you how I pieced things together till I had made a connected story and had no longer any doubt. But remember the night of the Reading. Why did Armorel hold that Reading? Why did she show the unfinished picture? Why did she sing that song? It was for you, Alec. It was to tell you a great deal more than it told the people. It was to let you know that everything was discovered. Do you deny it now?"

"I suppose that infernal girl—she is capable of everything."

"Even of earthquakes? No, Alec, she has told me nothing. They've got into the habit of talking—she and Effie and the painter man—as if I was asleep. You see I lie about a good deal by the fireside, and I don't want to talk, and so I lie with my eyes shut and listen. Then Armorel leaves everything about—manuscript poems, sketches, letters—everything, and I read them. A companion, of course, must see that her ward is not getting into mischief. It is her duty to read private

letters. When they talk in the evening, Effie, who worships Armored, tells her everything, including your magnificent attempt to become a dramatic poet, my dear boy—wrong—wrong—you should not get more than one ghost from one family. You should not put all your ghosts into one basket. When the painter comes—Armored is in love with him, and he is in love with her; but he has been a naughty boy, and has to show true repentance before. . . . Oh! It's very pretty and sentimental: they play the fiddle and talk about Scilly and the old times, and Effie sighs with sympathy. It is really very pretty, especially as it all helped me to understand their ghostliness and to unravel the whole story. Fortunately, my dear Alec, you have had to do with a girl who is not of the ordinary society stamp, otherwise your story would have been given to the society papers long ago, and then even I could have done nothing for you. Armored is a girl of quite extinct virtues—fearless, unvengeful, honourable, unselfish. You, my dear Alec, could never appreciate or understand such a girl."

"The girl is—a girl. What is there to understand in one girl more than in another?"

"Nothing—nothing. O great Poet and greater Painter!—Nothing. O man of fine insight, and delicate fancy, and subtle intellect!—Nothing. Only a girl."

"I know already that they are not going to say anything more about it. They are going to let the whole business be forgotten. If anything comes out through you—"

"Nothing will come out. I told you because it is well that we should perfectly understand each other. You will never again be able to parade before me in the disguise of genius. This is a great pity, because you have always enjoyed playing the part. Never again, Alec, because I have found you out. Should you ever find me out, I shall not be able to walk with you in the disguise of . . . but you must find out first."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh! you must find out first. When you do find out, you will be able to hold out your arms and cry, 'We are alike at last. You have come down to my level: we are now in the same depths. Come to my arms, sister in pretence! Come, my bride!'" She spread out her arms with an exaggerated gesture and laughed, but not mirthfully.

"What on earth do you mean, Zoe? I never saw you like this before."

"No, we change sometimes, quite suddenly. It is very unaccountable. And now I shall never be anything else than what I am now—what you have made me."

"What have you done, then?"

"Done? Nothing. To do something is polite for committing a crime. Could I have done something, do you think? Could I actually commit a crime? O Alec!—my dear Alec!—a crime? Well, the really important thing is that your troubles are over."

"By Jove! They are only just beginning."

"It is only money that troubles you. If it was conscience, or the sense of honour, I could not help you. As it is only money—how much, actually, will put a period to the trouble?"

"If I were to use Jagenal's promised thousand, I could really manage with two thousand more."

"Oh! Then, my dear Alec, what do you think of this?"

She drew out of her pocket a new clean white bank-book, and handed it to him.

He opened it. "Heavens, Zoe! What is the meaning of this?"

"You can read, Alec: it means what it says. Four thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds standing to my credit. Observe the name—Mrs. Alexander Feilding—Mrs. Alexander Feilding—wife, that is, of Alec! Mrs. Elstree has vanished. She has gone to join the limbo of ghosts who never existed. Her adored Jerome is there, too."

"What does it mean?"

"It means, again, that I have four thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds of my own, who, the day before yesterday, had nothing. Where I got that money from is my own business. Perhaps Armored relented and has advanced this money—perhaps some old friends of my father's—he had friends, though he was reputed so rich and died so miserably—have quietly subscribed this amount—perhaps my cousins, whom you forced me to abandon, have found me out and endowed me with this sum—a late but still acceptable act of generosity—perhaps my mother's sister, who swore she would never forgive me for going on the stage, has given way at last! In short, my dear Alec—"

"Four thousand pounds! Where could you raise that money?"

"Make any conjecture you please. I shall not tell you. The main point is that the money is here—safely deposited in my name and to my credit. It is mine, you see, my dear Alec; and it can only be used for your purposes with my consent—under my conditions."

"How on earth," he repeated slowly, "did you get four thousand pounds?"

"It is difficult for you to find an answer to that question," she replied, "isn't it? Especially as I shall not answer it. About my conditions now."

"What conditions?"

"The possession of this capital—I have thought it all out—will enable us, first of all, to pay off your creditors in full if you must—or at least to satisfy them. Next, it will restore your credit. Thirdly, it will enable you to live while I am laying the foundations of a new and more stable business."

"You?"

"I, my dear boy. I mean in future to be the active working and contriving partner in the firm. I have the plans and method worked out already in my head. You struck out, I must say, a line of audacity. There is something novel about it. But your plan wanted elasticity. You kept a ghost. Well, I suppose other people have done this before. You kept three or four ghosts, each in his own line. Nobody thought of setting up as the Universal Genius before—at least, not to my knowledge. But, then, you placed your whole dependence upon your one single family of ghosts. Once deprived of him—whether your painter, your poet, your story-teller—and where were you? Lost! You are stranded. This has happened to you now. Your paper is to come out as usual, and you have got nothing to put into it. Your patrons will be flocking to your studio, and you have got nothing to show. You have made a grievous blunder. Now, Alec, I am going to remedy all this."

"You?"

"You shall see what I am capable of doing. You shall no longer waste your time and money in going about to great houses. Your wife shall have her *salon*, which shall be a centre of action far more useful and effective. You shall become, through her help, a far greater leader, with a far greater name, than you have ever dreamed of. And your paper shall be a bigger thing."

"You, Zoe? You to talk like this?"

"You thought I was a helpless creature because I never succeeded on the stage, and could not even carry out your

poor little schemes upon Armored's purse, I suppose, and because I— Well, you shall be undeceived."

"If I could only believe this!"

"You will find, Alec, that my stage experiences will not go for nothing. Why, even if I was a poor actress, I did learn the whole business of stage management. I am going to transfer that business from the stage to the drawing-room, which shall be, at first, this room. We shall play our little comedy together, you and I." She sprang to her feet, and began to act as if she was on the stage. "It will be a duologue. Your rôle will still be that of the Universal Genius; mine will be that of the supposed extinct Lady—the Lady of the Salon—I shall be at home one evening a week—say on Sunday. And it shall be an evening remembered and expected. We shall both take Art seriously: you as the Master, I as the sympathetic and intelligent worshipper of Art. We shall attract to our rooms artists of every kind and those who hang about artistic circles: our furniture shall show the latest artistic craze: foreigners shall come here as to the art centre of London—we will cultivate the foreign element: young people shall come for advice, for encouragement, for introduction: reputations shall be made and marred in this room: you shall be the Leader and Chief of the World of Art. If there is here and there one who knows that you are a humbug, what matters? Alec"—she struck a most effective attitude—"rise to the prospect! Have a little imagination! I see before me the most splendid future—oh! the most splendid future!"

"All very well. But there's the present staring us in the face. How and where are we to find the—the successors to Lady Frances and Effie and"—

"Where to find ghosts? Leave that to me. I know where there are plenty only too glad to be employed. They can be had very cheap, my dear Alec, I can assure you. Oh! I have not been so low down in the social levels for nothing. You paid a ridiculous price for your ghosts—quite ridiculous. I will find you ghosts enough, never fear."

"Where are they?"

"When one goes about the country with a travelling company one hears strange things. I have heard of painters—good painters—who once promised to become Royal Academicians, and anything you please, but took to ways—downward ways, you know—and now sit in public-houses and sell their work for fifteen shillings a picture. I will find you such a genius, and will make him take pains and produce a picture worthy of his better days, and you shall have it for a guinea and a pint of champagne."

Alec Feilding gasped. The vista before him was too splendid.

"Or, if you want verses, I know of a poet who used to write little dainty pieces—*lancers de rideau*, *libretti* for little operettas, and so forth. He carries the boards about the streets when he is very hard up. I can catch that creature and lock him up without drink till he has written a poem far better—more manly—than anything that girl of yours could ever produce, for half a crown. And he will never ask what becomes of it. If you want stories, I know a man—quite a young fellow—who gets about fifteen shillings a week in his travelling company. This fellow is wonderful at stories. For ten shillings a column he will reel you out as many as you want—good stuff, mind—and the papers have never found him out: and he will never ask what has become of them, because he is never sober for more than an hour or two at a time in the middle of the day, and he will forget his own handiwork. Alec, I declare that I can find you as many ghosts as you like, and better—more popular—more interesting than your old lot."

"If I could only believe"—he repeated.

"You say that because you have never even begun to believe that a woman can do anything. Well, I do not ask you to believe. I say that you shall see. I owe to you the idea. All the working out shall be my own. All the assistance you can give me will be your own big and important presence and your manner of authority. Yes; some men get rich by the labours of others: you, Alec, shall become famous—perhaps immortal—by the genius—the collected genius, of others."

His imagination was not strong enough to understand the vision that she spread out before him. In a wooden way, he saw that she intended something big. He only half believed it: he only half understood it: but he did understand that ghosts were to be had.

"There's next week's paper, Zoe," he said helplessly. "Nothing for it yet! We mustn't have a breakdown—it would be fatal!"

"Breakdown! Of course not, even if I write it all myself. You don't believe that I can write even, I suppose?"

"Well, you shall do as you like." He got up and stood over the fire again, sighing his relief. "At all events, we have got this money. Good Heavens! What a chance! And what a day! I stood here this morning, Zoe, thinking all was lost. Then old Jagenal comes in and tells me of a thousand pounds—said it would run to nearly a thousand. And then you come in with a bank-book of four thousand! Oh! it's Providential! It's enough to make a man humble. Zoe, I confess"—he took her hands in his, stooped, and kissed her tenderly—"I don't deserve such treatment from you. I do not, indeed. Are you sure about those ghosts? As for me, of course you are right. I can't paint a stroke. I can't make a rhyme. I can't write stories. I can do nothing—but live upon those who can do everything. You are quite sure about those ghosts?"

"Oh, yes! Quite sure. Of course I knew all along. But you must keep it up more religiously than ever, because the business is going to be so much—so very much—bigger. Now for my conditions."

"Any conditions—any!"

"You will insert this advertisement for six days, beginning to-morrow, in the *Times*."

He read it aloud. He read it without the least change of countenance, so wooden was his face, so hard his heart.

"On Wednesday, April 21, 1887, at St. Leonard's, Worthing, Alexander Feilding, of the Grove Studio, Marlborough Road, to Zoe, only daughter of the late Peter Evelyn, formerly of Kensington Palace Gardens."

"I believe," he said, folding the paper, "that was the date. It was three years ago, wasn't it? I say, Zoe, won't it be awkward having to explain things—long interval, you know—engagement as companion—wrong name?"

"I have thought of that. But it would be more awkward pretending that we were married to-day and being found out. No. There are not half a dozen people who will ever know that I was Armored's companion. Then, a circumstance, which there is no need ever to explain, forbade the announcement of our marriage—hint at a near relation's will—I was compelled to assume another name. Cruel necessity!"

"You are a mighty clever woman, Zoe."

"I am. If you are wise, now, you will assume a joyful air. You will go about rejoicing that the bar to this public announcement has been at length removed. Family reasons—you will say—no fault of yours or of mine. It is your business, of course, how you will look—but I recommend this line. Be the exultant bridegroom, not the downcast husband."

Will you walk so?"—she assumed a buoyant dancing step with a smiling face—"or so?" she hung a dejected head and crawled sadly.

"By gad, it's wonderful!" he cried, looking at her with astonishment. And, indeed, who would recognise the quiet, sleepy, indolent woman of yesterday in the quick, restless, and alert woman of to-day?

"Henceforth I must work, Alec. I cannot sit down and go to sleep any longer. That time has gone. I think I have murdered sleep."

"Work away, my girl. Nobody wants to prevent you. Are there any other conditions?"

"You will sell your riding-horses, and buy a Victoria. Your wife must have something to drive about in. And you will lead, in many respects, an altered life. I must have, for the complete working out of my plans, an ideal domestic life. Turtle-doves we must be for affection and angels incarnate for propriety. The highest Art in the home is the highest standard of manners that can be set up."

"Very good. Any more conditions?"

"Only one more condition. *J'y suis. J'y reste.* You will call your servant and inform him that I am your wife, and the mistress of this establishment. I think there will be no more earthquakes and broken panels. Alec"—she laid her hand upon his arm—"you should have done this three years ago. I should have saved you. I should have saved myself. Now, whatever happens, we are on the same level—we cannot reproach each other. We shall walk hand in hand. It was done for you, Alec. And I would do it again. Yes—yes—yes. Again." She repeated the words with flashing eyes. "Fraud—sham—pretence—these are our servants. We command them. By them we live, and by them we climb. What matter—so we reach the top—by what ladders we have climbed?" She looked around with a gesture of defiance, fine and free. "The world is all alike," she said. "There is no truth or honour anywhere. We are all in the same swim." The man dropped into his vacant chair. "We are saved!" he cried.

"Saved!" she echoed. "Saved! Did you ever see a Court of Justice, Alec? I have. Once, when our company was playing at Winchester, I went to see the Assizes. I remember then wondering how it would feel to be a prisoner. Henceforth I shall understand his sensations. There they stand, two prisoners, side by side—a man and a woman—a pair of them. Found out at last, and arrested and brought up for trial. There sits the Judge, stern and cold: there are the twelve men of the jury, grave and cold: there are the policemen, stony-hearted: there are the lawyers, laughing and talking: there are the people behind, all grave and cold. No pity in any single face—not a gleam of pity—for the poor prisoners. Some people go stealing and cheating because they are driven by poverty. These people did not: they were driven by vanity and greed. Look at them in the box: they are well dressed. See! they are curiously like you and me, Alec"—she was acting now better than she ever acted on the stage—"The man is like you, and the woman—oh! you poor, unlucky wretch!—is like me—curiously, comically like me. They will be found guilty. What punishment will they get? As for her, it was for her husband's sake that she did it. But, I suppose, that will not help her. What will they get, Alec?"

He sat up in the chair and heaved a great sigh of relief.

"What are you talking about, my dear? I was not listening. Well; we are saved. It has been a mighty close shave. Another day, and I must have thrown up the sponge. We have a world of work before us, but if you are only half or quarter as clever as you think yourself we shall do splendidly." He laid his arm round her waist and drew her gently and kissed her again. "So—now you are sensible—what were you talking about prisoners for? No more separations now. Let me kiss away these tears. And now, Zoe—now—time presses. I am anxious to repair my losses. Where are we to find these ghosts? Sit down. To work! To work!"

PART II.—CHAPTER XXIII.

THE HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

A man may do a great many things without receiving from the world the least sign of regard or interest. He may write the most lovely verses—and no one will read them. He may design and invent the most beautiful play—which no one will act: he may advocate a measure certain to bring about universal happiness—but no one will so much as read it. There is one thing, however, by which he may awaken a spirit of earnest curiosity and interest concerning himself: he may get married. Everybody will read the announcement of his marriage in the paper: everybody will immediately begin to talk about him. The bridegroom's present position and future prospects, his actual income and the style in which he will live: the question whether he has done well for himself or whether he has thrown himself away: the bride's family, her age, her beauty, her *dol*, if she has got any: the question whether she had not a right to expect a better marriage—all these points are raised and debated when a man is married. Also, which is even more remarkable, whatever a man does shall be forgotten by the world, but the story of his marriage shall never be forgotten. A man may live down calumny; he may hold up his head though he has been the defendant in a disgraceful cause; he may survive the scandal of follies and profligacies; he may ride triumphant over misfortune: but he can never live down his own marriage. All those who have married "beneath" them—whether beneath them in social rank, in manners, in morals, character, in spiritual or in mental elevation, will bear unwilling and grievous testimony to this great truth.

When, therefore, the *Times* announced the marriage of Mr. Alexander Feilding, together with the fact that the announcement was no less than three years late, great amazement fell upon all men and all women—yea, and dismay upon all those girls who knew this Universal Genius—and upon all who knew or remembered the lady, daughter of the financial City person who let in everybody to so frightful a tune, and then, like another treacherous person, went away and hanged himself. And as many questions were asked at the breakfast-tables of London as there were riddles asked at the famous dinner-party at the town of Mansoul. To these riddles there were answers, but to those none. For instance, why had Alec Feilding concealed his marriage? Where had he hidden his wife? And (among a very few) how could he permit her to go about the country in a provincial troupe? To these replies there have never been any answers. The lady herself, who certainly ought to know, sometimes among her intimate friends alludes to the cruelty of relations, and the power which one's own people have of making mischief. She also speaks of the hard necessity, owing to these cruelties, of concealing her marriage. This throws the glamour and magic of romance—the romance of money—over the story. But there are some who remain unconvinced.

The bridegroom wrote one letter, and only one, of explanation. It was to Mr. Jagenal, the family solicitor.

"To so old a friend," he wrote, "the fullest explanations are due concerning things which may appear strange. Until the day before yesterday there were still existing certain family reasons which rendered it absolutely necessary for us to conceal our marriage and to act with so much prudence that no one should so much as suspect the fact. This will explain to you why we lent ourselves to the little harmless—perfectly harmless—pretence by which my wife appeared in the character of a widow. It also explains why she was unwilling—while under false colours—to go into general society. The unexpected disappearance of these family reasons caused her to abandon her charge hurriedly. I had not learned the fact when you called yesterday. Now, I hope that we may receive, though late, the congratulations of our friends.—A. F."

"This," said Mr. Jagenal, "is an explanation which explains nothing. Well, it is all very irregular; and there is something behind; and it is no concern of mine. Most things in the world are irregular. The little windfall of which I told him yesterday will be doubly welcome now that he has a wife to spend his money for him. And now we understand why he was always dangling after Armored—because his wife was with her—and why he did not fall in love with that most beautiful creature."

He folded up the note; put it, with a few words of his own, into an envelope, and sent it to Philippa. Then he went on with the cases in his hands. Among these were the materials for many other studies into the workings of the feminine heart and the masculine brain. The solicitor's tin boxes; the doctor's notebook; the priest's memory; should furnish full materials for that exhaustive psychological research which science will some day insist upon conducting.

In the afternoon of the same day was the Private View of the Grosvenor Gallery. There was the usual Private View crowd—so private now that everybody goes there. It would have been incomplete without the presence of Mr. Alec Feilding.

Now, at the very thickest and most crowded time, when the rooms were at their fullest, and when the talk was at its noisiest, he appeared, bearing on his arm a young, beautiful, and beautifully dressed woman. He calmly entered the room where half the people were talking of himself and of his marriage, concealed for three years, with as much coolness as if he had been about in public with his wife all that time: he spoke to his friends as if nothing had happened; and he introduced them to his wife as if it was by the merest accident that they had not already met. Nothing could exceed the unconsciousness of his manner, unless it was the simple and natural ease of his wife. No one could possibly guess that there was, or could be, the least awkwardness in the situation.

The thing itself, and the manner of carrying it through, constituted a *coup* of the most brilliant kind. This public appearance deprived the situation, in fact, of all its awkwardness. No one could ask them at the Grosvenor Gallery what it meant. There were one or two to whom the bridegroom whispered that it was a long and romantic story: that there had been a bar to the completion of his happiness, by a public avowal: that this bar—a purely private and family matter—had only yesterday been removed: nothing was really explained: but it was generally felt that the mystery added another to the eccentricities of genius. There was a something, they seemed to remember dimly, about the marriages and love-passages of Shelley, Coleridge, and Lord Byron.

Mrs. Feilding, clearly, was a woman born to be an artist's wife: herself, artistic in her dress, her manner, and her appearance: sympathetic in her caressing voice: gracious in her manners: and openly proud of a husband so richly endowed.

Alec presented a great many men to her. She had, it seemed, already made acquaintance with their works, which she knew by name: she betrayed involuntarily, by her gracious smile, and the interested, curious gaze of her large and limpid eyes, the genuine admiration which she felt for these works, and the very great pleasure with which she made the acquaintance of this very distinguished author. If any of them were on the walls, she bestowed upon them the flattery of measured and appreciative praise: she knew something of the technique.

"Alec is not exhibiting this year," she said. "I think he is right. He had but one picture: and that was in his old style. People will think he can do nothing but seacoast, rock, and spray. So he is going to send his one picture away—if you want to see it you must make haste to the studio—and he is going—this is a profound secret—to break out in a new line—quite a new line. But you must not know anything about it."

A paragraph in a column of personal news published the fact, the very next day, which shows how difficult it is to keep a secret.

Before Mrs. Feilding left the gallery she had made twenty friends for life, and had laid a solid foundation for her Sunday evenings.

In the evening there was a First Night. No First Nights are possible without the appearance of certain people, of whom Mr. Alec Feilding was one. He attended, bringing with him his wife. Some of the men who had been at the private view were also present at the performance, but not many, because the followers of one art do not—as they should—rally round any other. But all the dramatic critics were there, and all the regular first-nighters, including the wreckers—who go to pit and gallery—and the friends of the author and those of the actors. Between the acts there was a good deal of circulation and talking. Alec presented a good many more gentlemen to his wife. Before they went home Mrs. Feilding had made a dozen more friends for life, and placed her Sunday evenings on a firm and solid basis. Her social success—at least among the men—was assured from this first day.

(To be continued.)

"THE COLONIAL YEAR-BOOK."

"The Colonial Year-Book," published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., is the latest and completest descriptive work, accompanied with historic accounts, upon the vast and diversified possessions of the British nation beyond the seas. Its plan, and the nature of its contents, resemble those of the useful volume entitled "Her Majesty's Colonies," which was compiled in 1886 by order of the Royal Commissioners for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition; but the lapse of four years has superseded a large portion of the statistical and official information then furnished by the Agents-General of Colonial Governments. In British East Africa, in South Africa, and in West Africa, large territories have since that date been placed under British administration or protection; and it is evident that only by an annual publication, such as "The Colonial Year-Book," can we obtain correct knowledge of this most important branch of national affairs. The editorship has been fitly entrusted to Mr. A. J. R. Trendell, C.M.G., an able and experienced compiler of this kind of literature, who rendered good service thereby to the Colonial Exhibition. Professor J. R. Seeley, of Cambridge University, supplies an historical introduction; and the reports are contributed, in much the same form as to the official publication of 1886, by

the Colonial Office, the Governors of Crown Colonies, the High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada, the Agents-General for the several Colonies of Australia and New Zealand, and other responsible authorities, with additions from sources of the highest credit. So many books have been written, especially by hasty travellers or by disappointed emigrants, which give most erroneous notions of the Colonies, that we have lately become inclined to distrust such testimony as is of mere private authorship. The materials confided to Mr. Trendell may be relied upon with the greatest certainty, and the statements are not only precise, accurate, and corrected to the most recent dates, but are divested of the colouring of personal and local prejudice, which is apt to falsify those impressions of returning colonists and of "globe-trotting" superficial gossips. None of the facts, great or small, which aid in forming a just estimate of the condition, resources, and prospects of any of our Colonies are omitted; and to those interested in commercial, land, banking, shipping, or mining enterprises, as well as to the Imperial politician, this volume may be safely recommended. Its narrative and descriptive parts are tersely and neatly written, and are more readable than the verbose commentaries which eke out superfluous chapters in many trivial books of voyages and travels. Some of the maps appear to have been borrowed from "Her Majesty's Colonies"; but that of the Dominion of Canada, and the map of Africa, are quite new, and are remarkably good. We hope that "The Colonial Year-Book" will not fail to take its place on our shelves every year, with the excellent "Australian Handbook" of Messrs. Gordon and Gotch; and we shall thankfully acknowledge our own obligations to the publishers for much needful instruction.

THE NEW BISHOP OF BANGOR.

The Right Rev. Daniel Lewis Lloyd, who has been appointed to the Bishopric of Bangor, was formerly a scholar of Jesus College, Oxford. He took a second class in Moderations in



THE RIGHT REV. D. LEWIS LLOYD,
THE NEW BISHOP OF BANGOR.

1865, and a second class in Literæ Humaniores in 1867, proceeding M.A. in 1871. He was ordained in 1867. From 1867 to 1872 he was head master of Dolgelly School and Curate of Dolgelly, and from 1873 to 1878 was head master of the Friars School at Bangor. Since the last-mentioned year he has been head master of Christ College, Brecon.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Percy Morton, of Brecon.

At the festival dinner in aid of the North London Hospital for Consumption, held at the Hôtel Métropole, under the chairmanship of Mr. Blundell Maple, M.P., Mr. Lionel Hill, the secretary, announced a subscription list of nearly £4000, including 100 guineas from the chairman.

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN JUNE.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

The Moon on the 1st is some distance to the right, and a good deal higher than Mars. She is due south at 10h 46m p.m., and Mars at 11h 27m p.m. She is near and to the left of Mars during the night hours of the 2nd. She rises on this day at 7h 20m p.m. He passes the Meridian, or is due south, at 11h 22m p.m., and the Moon 20 minutes later. She sets on the morning of the 3rd at 3h 55m a.m. She is near Jupiter on the morning of the 7th. She rises on the 6th at 11h 47m p.m., and will be due south at 3h 51m a.m. on the 7th, and the planet 5 minutes later. She will be a little to the right of the planet till towards 6h a.m. on the 7th, when the nearest approach takes place. She is near Mercury on the 15th. She is near Venus during the evening hours of the 19th and 20th, being to the right of the planet on the former and to the left on the latter evening. She is near Saturn on the evening of the 22nd, the planet being to the right of the Moon; and she will be near Mars again during the night hours of the 28th and 29th, being to the right of the planet on the former, and to the left on the latter night. Her phases or times of change are:—

Full Moon on the	3rd at 34 minutes after 6h in the morning.
Last Quarter	9th " 50 " 9 " afternoon.
New Moon	17th " 58 " 1 " morning.
First Quarter	25th " 54 " 9 " afternoon.

She is nearest to the Earth on the 5th, and most distant on the 21st.

Mercury rises on the 3rd at nearly the same time as the Sun; on the 6th, at 3h 40m a.m., or 8 minutes before the Sun; on the 11th, at 3h 21m a.m., or 24 minutes before the Sun; on the 16th, at 3h 3m a.m., or 41 minutes before the Sun; on the 21st, at 2h 50m a.m., or 54 minutes before the Sun; on the 26th, at 2h 40m a.m., or 1h 6m before the Sun rises; and on the 30th, at 2h 37m a.m., or 1h 10m before the Sun. He is in aphelion on the 1st, stationary among the stars on the 11th, near the Moon on the 15th, and at his greatest western elongation (22 deg. 6 min.) on the 24th.

Venus sets on the 1st at 10h 17m p.m., or 2h 13m after the Sun; on the 3rd, at 10h 20m p.m., or 2h 14m after the Sun; on the 11th, at 10h 23m p.m., or 2h 16m after the Sun; and on the 21st, at 10h 26m p.m., or 2h 2m after the Sun. She is near the Moon on the 20th.

Mars sets on the 2nd at 3h 23m a.m., or 28 minutes before sunrise; on the 12th, at 2h 31m a.m., or 1h 14m before sunrise; and on the 22nd, at 1h 38m a.m., or 2h 6m before sunrise. He is near the Moon on the 2nd, and again on the 29th.

Jupiter rises on the 9th at 11h 16m p.m.; on the 19th, at 10h 36m p.m.; and on the 29th, at 9h 54m p.m., or 1h 36m after sunset. He is near the Moon on the 7th.

Saturn sets on the 1st at 6h 41m a.m.; on the 11th, at 6h 3m a.m.; on the 20th, at 11h 25m p.m.; and on the 30th, at 10h 48m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 22nd.

OUR COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DERBY.

Men and manners change, but the great English holiday, the Derby, seems—like Tennyson's brook—to go on for ever. A century and more of popularity attaches to the Derby Day, for in all the years that have passed since 1780, when Sir C. Bunbury's Diomed came first past the winning-post in front of a small field of nine horses, it has been essentially a people's holiday. Whether the country was at peace or at war, our fathers and grandfathers sought the breezy heights of Epsom Downs when the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf" was to be decided, just as the present generation will do on Wednesday next. The Derby is the one race in the year in which it is permissible for all sorts and conditions of men—ay, and women—to take an interest. Men who have at other times no thought or care for sporting suddenly grow learned and full of racing lore. They know the names of the probable competitors, speak familiarly of owners, jockeys, and trainers, and even indulge mildly in a modest amount of betting. It is not difficult to account for the popularity of this race over that of other events on the turf. There are races upon which more money is betted by thousands of pounds than upon the Epsom event, but they do not make a holiday. It has always been the popular opinion that the best horses in the world—certainly the best of the season—take part in the Derby; it is known that the majority of the owners are noblemen, who race chiefly for sport's sake; and it is a well-founded belief in the minds of the public at large that the Derby is what is called a "straight" race, in which all try, and no dishonest practices take place. These factors, with the antiquity of the race and its pleasant surroundings, make it the popular event it is.

It would be a mistake, however, to imagine that the popularity and even the existence of the Derby have not been threatened. Of late years the character of English racing has undergone a wonderful revolution. The institution of gate-money meetings in enclosed parks has enabled the promoters of such meetings to offer money prizes which for value far eclipse the Derby. At Manchester, Sandown Park, and Leicester stakes of ten thousand pounds' value and upwards have been offered, and there is necessarily a great temptation on the part of owners to compete for these. The Epsom executive, however, have taken steps to increase the value of the race, and this may have the effect in the future of stemming the falling-off in the subscriptions which was becoming apparent.

One of the most famous winners of the Derby, Hermit, who has given the country so many valuable sons and daughters, died but a short time ago. His victory in 1867 will ever be memorable, as a day on which the race was run in a snowstorm. Hermit's victory was a terrible blow to many people, while it meant a fortune to others who were lucky enough to back him, as he started at the outside price of sixty-six to one. Among notable Derbies was that of the French horse Gladiateur, who also won the triple event—the Two Thousand and the St. Leger, a feat subsequently accomplished by Lord Lyon and the peerless Ormonde. Blair Athol, who commanded such a sensational price as a stud horse, defeated a field of thirty, a number of starters which was reached in Hermit's year, but not since.

Many incidents of successes and failures in the Derby might be told, and they always form interesting reading; but, after all, it would be but repeating a twice-told tale. A distinct feature in the history of the race, however, is the aristocratic list of winning owners who have carried off the coveted prize. The race was named after the twelfth Earl of Derby, a very famous cock-fighting and horse-racing nobleman, who died in 1834. The Earl won the race eight years after its establishment, by the aid of Sir Peter Teazle, by High-flyer, in a field of seventeen. In the following year the Prince of Wales won the prize. The Duke of Bedford's name appears as winner three times in nine years. In fact, the list bristles with ducal names—including those of Grafton, Portland, Rutland, and York, the latter being successful, in 1816, with Prince Leopold. That fine old sportsman Mr. Bowes won the Derby four times; his most famous achievements being the successive victories of Daniel O'Rourke and West Australian, the first hero of the "Triple Crown." Of late years names familiar to the ear crop up thickly. Among them are Sir Joseph Hawley's Blue Gown, who found a grave at the bottom of the Atlantic; Mr. Merry's Doncaster, the famous sire of Bend Or, and grandsire of Ormonde; and Lord Falmouth's Silvio, memorable as giving Fred Archer his first Derby victory. Unfortunately the noble owner, like the jockey, has passed away.

The Duke of Portland, whose run of luck in 1888 and '89 seemed irresistible, will not, it is probable, be represented in the Derby, as it is stated that St. Serf, who seemed the only likely competitor in his name, will be reserved for the Epsom Grand Prize. Ayrshire and Donovan are two horses which it is not often the luck of one man to hold at one time. Over £73,000 fell to the Duke's share last year, and the greater part of this large sum was compiled by Donovan.

The field for the Derby this year does not seem likely to be a big one. The betting on the race, which at one time was such an important factor in the spring and winter months, has been of a very tame description. Thirty, and even twenty, years ago hundreds of thousands of pounds were betted on this race even before Christmas, and a long list of quotations was published in the early days of the year. The falling-off has been remarkable, and the thousands of a few years ago are hardly represented by sovereigns now. In Surefoot, Mr. Merry owns a colt which promises to have a career as brilliant as any associated with the well-known name of the family in years past. The popular favourite is a son of that great sire Wisdom—who has given us so many winners of late—his dam being by Galopin—Miss Foote. He is trained by Jousiffe at Lambourne, and does his exercise gallops on the sweet springy turf of the famous Wiltshire Downs, overlooking Ashdown, where the famous Bendigo was trained in his victorious career. Surefoot commenced his racing career by winning, as a two-year-old, the Woodcote Stakes twelve months ago at Epsom. Later on, at Ascot, he was only beaten by a head by the Duke of Portland's flying filly Semolina in the Ascot Biennial. He afterwards beat Heaume in the New Stakes, and wound up the year by winning the Findon Stakes at Goodwood. This year, as will be well remembered, he won the Two Thousand Guineas from Le Nord, Blue Green, and St. Serf, in very easy fashion. Le Nord and Heaume, who may represent the Rothschild interest, were both highly creditable two-year-old performers. Le Nord has somewhat disappointed his many admirers by being beaten in the valuable Newmarket Stakes last week, when odds of eighty-five to forty were laid upon his chance. If the Manton scarlet is successful, it may be by means of the good-looking Riviera, who is a perfect aristocrat in breeding, being by Isonomy from St. Marguerite. A horse watched with much interest will be Sainfoin, who belongs to John Porter, the much-respected Kingsclere trainer, and it will be an interesting race if this son of Springfield should be able to hold his own with the flying Surefoot.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

A Trip through the Eastern Caucasus. By the Hon. John Abercromby. (E. Stanford.)—The rugged mountain region which forms a barrier of Europe and Asia between the Euxine and Caspian Seas, though its wild races of human denizens have been subdued, within living memory, by the Russian Empire, remains still imperfectly known to English tourists. East of the city of Tiflis, and north of the railway line of easy travel and traffic, which passes through Georgia to Baku, the Daghestan mass of highlands, covering a space that extends above three hundred miles to the Caspian shore, with a breadth of more than a hundred miles, blocks up half the width of land bounded by those two inland seas. Mr. Abercromby, who spent the months of July and August, in 1888, in a complete tour of this region, on horseback, describes the country and its inhabitants, having observed their manners, and studied their language and history, with more exactness than some preceding writers. The ethnology is rather complicated, when we have learnt to discard the vague common name of "Circassians," and to understand even that of "Lesghians" as a mere arbitrary designation, collectively applied to several different groups of peoples. The Avars and the Chechents, to the north and north-west; the Hurkan or Dargo group, further subdivided; and the Kurin group, to the east, with the Lak or Kasikumik in the centre; also the Ude and Tush, partly merged in the Georgian population, south of the mountain ranges, are to be carefully distinguished. Their several languages, though, apparently, of one stock, are mutually unintelligible; and the peculiarities of grammatical structure, here set forth in a philological appendix, seem worthy to be carefully examined. But the narrative of Mr. Abercromby's journeying, accompanied by a native guide and two other attendants, during nine weeks of strange highland travel, with his account of many places and people of various classes, is sufficiently interesting to the ordinary reader. His route, entering the mountain region above the town of Nukha, was at first through the Kurin country to Akhti, on the Samur River; thence in a north-west direction, by Gumuk and Gunib, to the farthest limits of the Chechents' territory, through which, turning southward, he returned to Tiflis. But he afterwards went on to the shores of the Caspian, visiting Baku and Derbend, and making excursions, from the latter place, to the interior of the Dargo or Hurkan district. There is a good map of the whole region, with a coloured ethnographical chart, and some engravings to illustrate scenery and costume.

Sardinia and the Sardes. By Charles Edwardes, Author of "Letters from Crete." (R. Bentley and Son.)—Our agreeable recollections of this writer's descriptions of Western Crete, with its marvellous ruins of ancient Greek cities, and with the memorials of Venetian and Turkish conquest along the northern coast, ensure much confidence in his guidance over another large island of the Mediterranean, even less generally known. Sardinia, though it formerly gave the title of King to the Savoy Prince of a small North Italian State, Piedmont, which has been transformed into the Kingdom of Italy, has always been a comparatively obscure insular fragment of Europe; but so it might have been with Corsica, till the latter part of the last century. The Romans, from a very early period, availed themselves of the mineral wealth and agricultural capabilities of Sardinia, which also contributed largely to supply the slave-market of Rome. The Phœnicians or Carthaginians, the Greeks and Romans, the Saracens, the Republics of Pisa and Genoa, and the Arragon Spanish monarchy, have in turn obtained a hold of this island, without doing much, at any time, for the permanent improvement of its social condition. A great deal yet remains to be done, in Sardinia as in Sicily; but if we presumed to lecture the Italian Government on such a topic, Ireland would perhaps be cast in our teeth. Since Cavour's time, indeed, good roads have been made in Sardinia; railways are being constructed; schools have been established; the feudal laws have been abolished, while agriculture, vine-growing, and trade are in the way of progress. Mr. Edwardes, after relating his arrival at the seaport town of Cagliari, gives us a few chapters of rather dry history, and then leads us, pleasantly enough, on a tour in the less-known parts of the island. Its topography is not familiar to the general reader,

who would have been glad of a map, but must find as they can the situation of the mountains of Barbargia, beyond the Campidano plain; of Sarrabus, San Vito, Villa Putzu, and Muravera, on the east coast; and of strange places, with romantic scenery, up the valley of the Flumendosa. Some curious objects of archaeological study are found in this district, especially the antique round towers, called "nuraghe," which may be of Phœnician or of Pelasgian origin. There has been a fraudulent manufacture of spurious heathen idols of Sardinia, sold to antiquarian collectors. The author, however, goes on to describe the present condition and aspect of the country—its towns, villages, and people; the mines of silver, lead, and zinc; the cork-woods and the yearly stripping of their bark; the ascent of a mountain called Gennargentu, and the luxuriant flowery vegetation of the valleys; the costumes, manners, and habits of the men and women; the copious drinking of very bad wine; the churches, priests, and monks; the towns of Nuori, Iglesias, Orestano, and Sassari,

a separate volume. The road taken by the Queen's Envoy during twenty or thirty days of rough travelling on horseback, in March and April four years ago, was not so interesting as the march of the British-Indian Army from Annesley Bay, through the rocky defiles of the coast barrier, and over the plains to Adigerat, Axum, and Adowa, the chief towns of Tigré. The author seems to have been rather hampered in his movements by the obstinacy and caprice of the Abyssinian soldier in charge of his escort by order of Ras Alula, the Governor of that province. As it was the practice of this official to make his passage everywhere a pretext for iniquitous extortions from the towns and villages, an honourable English traveller sought to defeat such tricks by pitching his tents and consuming his own stores, at a distance from the seats of population. This was right and commendable, but gave him the less opportunity of describing Abyssinian manners and customs, beyond what is already familiar to many readers. It is not till the fifth chapter of the volume, relating his sojourn of nine

days at the King's Court, that we find anything particularly new, characteristic of that singular, half-African half-Asiatic, half-Judaic and half-Christian, semi-civilised State, which has for ages dwelt in quaint seclusion from the other nations of the world. King John, whose portrait as Prince Kassai, drawn by Mr. Simpson twenty-one years since, is reproduced in this book, and is declared to be an excellent likeness of him still, behaved with courteous hospitality to the Queen's Envoy, and invested him, at the farewell interview, with the rank and dignity of a "Deja," or Peer of the Realm, wearing a gorgeous dress of red silk embroidered with gold, a lion's mane cape, and massive silver-gilt ornaments, including the badge of the Order of Solomon. The possession of these splendid but cumbrous articles of attire proved to be of service in overawing some local obstructives on the author's return journey.

THE MILITARY POLICE OF BURMAH.

Some account of the organisation of this useful force, under the command of Brigadier Stedman, as Inspector-General, and Major Graves, numbering about fifteen thousand men enlisted in Upper India from the districts and classes of the population which supply the best soldiers of the Indian Native Army, was given in our publication of May 3, with Sketches by Surgeon Arthur E. Newland, of the Indian Medical Staff. It forms nineteen battalions, each with two or three British officers, stationed in all the administrative districts of Upper Burma, and guarding the frontiers and the railway that is being constructed. The men are armed and equipped like the infantry regiments of the Indian Army, and a portion of each battalion are trained to act as mounted infantry. Every outpost is garrisoned by the Military Police, who have proved as efficient as any native soldiers in the pursuit of "Dacoits" or bands of robbers, in attacking the villages of hostile tribes where Dacoits were harboured, and in other services of local warfare. The native officers and non-commissioned officers are men of intelligence and well instructed; in one of the Sketches now presented they appear to be studying

a map, previously to starting on an expedition. Another Sketch represents the men in camp diverting themselves with a wrestling-match. The Burmese Civil Police, formed of natives of Burma, is an entirely separate force.

Mr. T. G. Beatley, steamship owner, has been elected a representative for Aldgate Ward in the Court of Common Council, as successor to Mr. Deputy Dresser Rogers, deceased.

The Drapers' Company have voted £1000 towards the fund being raised to enable the orphans of persons connected with the retail drapery trade to receive half the benefits afforded by the Warehousemen, Clerks, and Drapers' Schools.

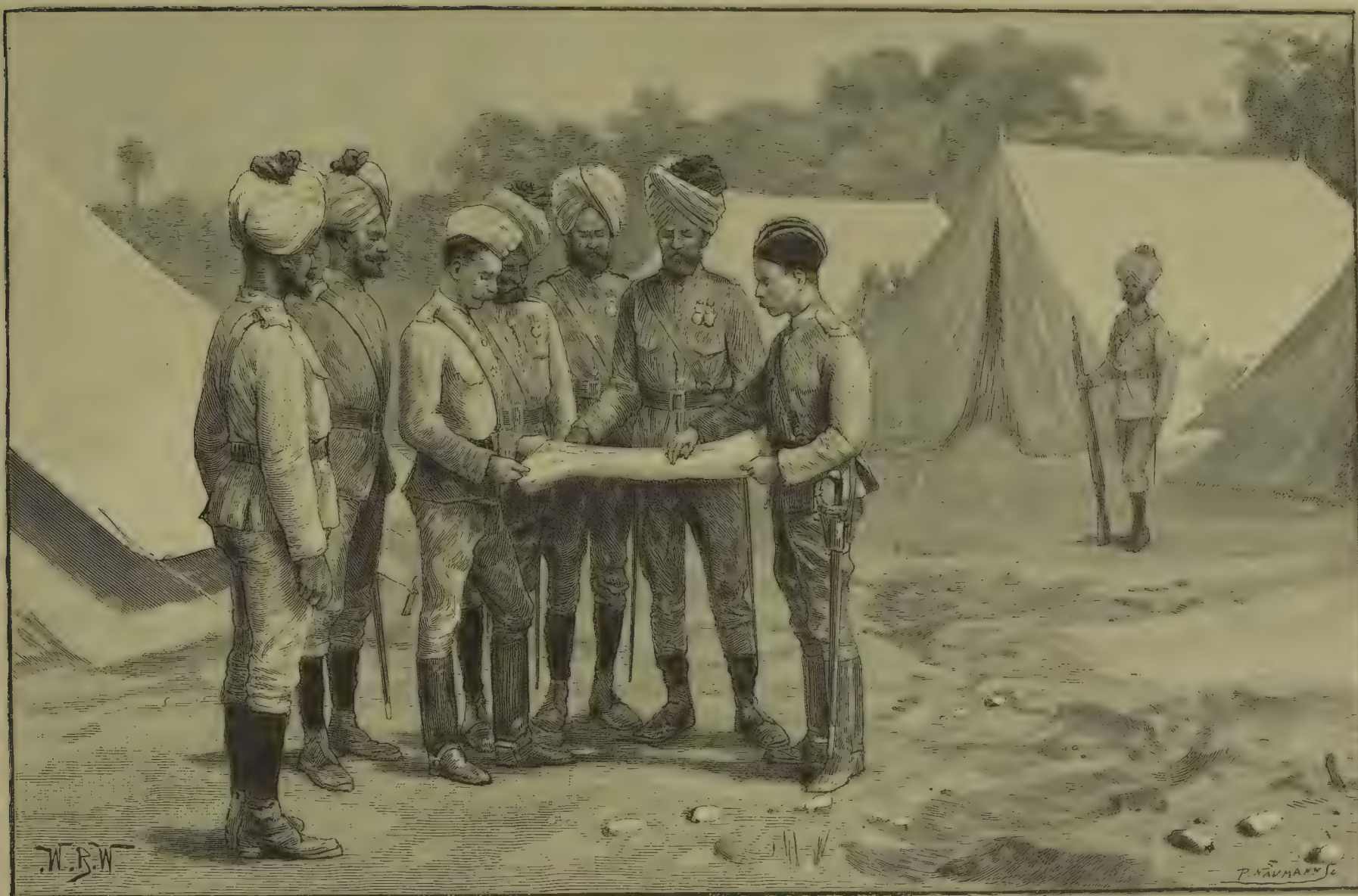
Lord Wantage presided at the spring meeting of the National Rifle Association, and announced that the prize-list for the forthcoming rifle meeting at Bisley would be quite equal in value to that of previous years. Several new competitions tending to encourage young Volunteers would be introduced, together with one called the "Rapid," in which ten rounds at 500 yards were to be fired within a minute. He added that the Council believed that the removal of the meeting from Wimbledon to Bisley would prove of great advantage to competitors.



"VERONICA."—BY H. SCHMIECHEN.

which last is a pretty fair Italian city; and the tunny fishery, with its sanguinary slaughter, in the Golfo dell' Asinara. He travelled many days on horseback, accompanied by a queer old guide named Cristoforo Porco, whose lazy humours are droll and amusing. The narrative of these adventures and observations makes an entertaining book.

Through Abyssinia: an Envoy's Ride to the King of Zion. By F. Harrison Smith, R.N. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—In 1886, when our Foreign Office thought fit to compliment King John of Abyssinia, formerly Prince Kassai of Tigré, our ally in the expedition of 1869 against King Theodore, with a letter from Queen Victoria and the gift of a sword of honour, the special Envoy sent out for this purpose was a British naval officer, who here narrates his journey. The itinerary, from Massowah, now an Italian military station, to Lake Ashangi, where the "King of Zion" was encamped, is a different route from that of Sir Robert Napier's admirably conducted march on his way to capture the fortress of Magdala. Every remarkable feature and object of curiosity in that campaign was illustrated by the Sketches from the hands of Mr. William Simpson, our Special Artist, and of Major Baigrie, R.E., which appeared in this Journal, and in the complete narrative afterwards published in



STUDYING THE MAP FOR AN EXPEDITION.



WRESTLING-MATCH IN CAMP.

SKETCHES OF THE MILITARY POLICE OF BURMAH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

Gallery VII. contains very few pictures of general interest or of special artistic excellence. Mr. J. S. Sargent repeats, in his portrait of Mrs. K. (652), his experiments on the forbearance of the English public, offering for their admiration and approval the blurred, shapeless figure of a lady in a tenpenny tennis-hat, standing against a smudgy background of trees and wall. Mr. Hugh Carter's portrait of Mrs. Worsley-Taylor (656), without a tithe of the pretentiousness and affectation displayed in Mr. Sargent's work, bears evidence of careful work and an effort to succeed. Mr. W. B. Richmond's portrait of Dr. Lightfoot (666), the late Bishop of Durham, is, perhaps, his most successful work of the year, conveying, as it does, a fine idea of the great scholar's face and manner. Mr. Colin Hunter's excursion into the domain of portraiture, as shown in Master Gordon Ness (694), is not successful, and we can ill afford to spare this clever artist from the branch of art in which he has acquired so much distinction. Mr. T. Blake Wirgman is, as usual, painstaking, accurate, and a trifle prosaic in his work; but we are quite ready to recognise the real merits of the portraits of Sir Henry Davies (705) and Mrs. Blake Wirgman (712), the latter a face of much quiet dignity and sweetness.

In figure-studies and compositions Mr. Henry S. Tuke's "Euchre" (709), as a pastime for sailors at sea, and Mr. Dudley Hardy's "Dock Strike" (671), an episode of last autumn, show two sides of the shield of labour, but, by a curious coincidence, both are set in a grey and cheerless atmosphere; while Mr. Fred. Viger's version of "The Story of Griselda" (690), in spite of the size of the canvas and the number of the figures introduced, touches us as far less human than either of the above-named works. The landscapes in the room most worthy of notice are Mr. J. Lavery's "Bridge at Gretz" (679), a very English outtrigger in a very French setting; Mr. B. W. Leader's distinctly powerful and painfully distinct rendering of "The Silent Evening Hour" (672) is one of his best contributions to this year's exhibition; and in Mr. Allan J. Hook's "On the Lobster Ground" (700) we can trace a strongly marked hereditary sympathy with the sea and seafaring life. Mr. Alfred Parsons's "Bend of the Avon" (715) and Mr. J. H. Inskip's "Norfolk Turnip-Field" (723) also deserve favourable notice.

Gallery VIII. contains two pictures, at least, of more than ordinary interest, although opinions will differ as to their respective merits: Mr. Chevallier Tayler's "The Last Blessing" (758), to which reference has already been made; and Mr. Hitchcock's "Tulip Culture" (750), one of the boldest and most original effects in colour to be found in the whole exhibition. In Mr. Tayler's picture the figure of the broken-hearted mother, supporting her boy, who is gazing on the crucifix, is full of true pathos, and there is a simplicity in the ungainliness of the father, on his knees, which is not without dignity. Mr. Hitchcock reproduces on a larger scale, and with slight changes in the background, the "motive" of a picture which, three years ago, rightly obtained at the Salon a place in the *salle d'honneur*. The idea is a very simple one: a Dutch girl, in perfectly simple greyish-blue dress, is standing in the midst of a tulip-garden in full bloom. Behind her, through the trees—willows and poplars just coming to leaf—one can see an old-fashioned gabled house of no pretensions, but such as is to be met with in any part of North Holland. It is, however, on the foreground, planted with bright strips of colour, that Mr. Hitchcock has bestowed all his care and lavished the resources of an art which has much to recommend it. The harmony which he makes to reign between the bands of colour—pink, white, and yellow—is the secret of his success: but how he has achieved the result is the secret of his art, which it requires careful study to unravel. We can also appreciate the merits of another artist, Mr. W. L. Picknell, American by birth and French by training—as is Mr. Hitchcock—for his "November Solitude" (779) is a fine poetic treatment of marsh and moorland; Mr. Robert Noble's "By the Linn Pool" (759) is a rich bit of colouring, very brown in tone and firm in line; Mr. H. W. B. Davis's "Ford on the Wye" (780), a sunny scene, with cattle in motion; while Mr. Eyre Crowe's "Rifle Match" (794) introduces to our notice a Volunteer of at least nine feet in length, in the act of discharging his rifle in a direction which suggests a very strange trajectory. Mr. Melton Fisher's "La Sposa" (757), a garish and vulgar treatment of Venice life, is made to seem more than it really is by its hanging in close proximity to such sad scenes as Mr. Tayler's "Last Blessing" and Mr. Harrington Mann's "Sorrow" (748). Mr. Chadwick's specious imitation of Mr. Tadema's work is, perhaps, unavoidable; and at all events his "Greek Girl" (799) has the merit of being a refined imitation. Mr. Camill Stuchlik's "Girl Reading" (770), in another school, shows a similar tendency; but the portrait of Miss Noyes (815) in this room, and "The Old Miniature" (851) in the next, show much originality and breadth of treatment. Miss Noyes's flesh-tints are still somewhat "muddled," but she makes steady progress in the composition of her work.

Gallery IX., although devoted as usual to works of cabinet size, is not so terribly crowded as to absorb an entire day's study. Mr. E. J. Poynter's "On the Temple Steps" (866) is the finished picture of which a study appears in the New Gallery. Frankly, we prefer the sketch to the completed work, of which the delicacy is lost in the heavy colour with which the picture is overdone. The portrait of M. Henri Rochefort (879) by Mr. Jan Van Beers, as clever as anything can be, and the little study, "A Smile" (886), by the same artist, are works of which M. Meissonier might have been proud—if, indeed, he could ever have achieved the animated likeness which the first-named work presents. A more contestable success is that of M. Aublet in his portrait of Mrs. Qarn (901) dressed in white, against a very trying blue background. There is undoubtedly a vivacity in the flesh-tints which our artists often fail to catch, but it wants the transparency of Mr. Alma-Tadema's portrait of Mrs. Ralph Sneddy (900), which hangs beside it. Still better, however, is M. Emile Wauters's "Tête d'Ange" (917), in which is clearly traceable the influence of Greuze and Reynolds combined—a curious mixture of which the talented Belgian artist makes a clever use. Mr. J. H. Lorimer's "Winding Wool" (912), Mr. Ernest Waterlow's "Friends or Foes?" (937), Mr. Wm. Foster's animal studies, and Mr. J. Brett's "Mist off the Sea" (962) are among the other pictures which will well repay attention.

Gallery X. contains Lady Butler's "Evicted" (993), which moved the envy rather than the commiseration of one distinguished speaker at the Royal Academy banquet, and, in fact, the charm of the landscape and the softness of the air are so insisted upon that we almost fail to give our sympathy to the woman turned out of her ruined cottage. Mr. Sidney Cooper's "Casualties in the Hunting-Field" (1004) introduces us to horses in the most extraordinary attitudes, and suggests a new version of Mr. Briggs's diversions in the same way. Of Mr. Logsdail's "The Ninth of November" (1023) we have already spoken, and only recur to it to express our admiration of the skill with which he has caught the atmosphere of London city just after a heavy shower of rain has momentarily

cleared it. Mr. Phil Morris is only partially successful in his "Poor Jack" (1022), carried to the grave on the shoulders of his weather-beaten comrades; but Mr. J. H. F. Bacon has touched a true chord in his "Waiting for the Train" (1016), without in any way exaggerating the situation, which is that of a separation of which the end is too far off to look forward to with courage and hope. Mr. David Farquharson's "April Morning" (1067), Mrs. Henrietta Rae's "Ophelia" (1041), and Mr. Blake Wirgman's excellent portrait of Sir James Hannen (1066) are among the other interesting works in this room; and to these should be added Mr. Ernest Normand's powerfully coloured "Vashti Deposed" (1049), of which the passion is hardly enough expressed; and Mr. Solomon's "Hippolyta" (1063), already alluded to, in which the action is too vehement to permit us to draw any conclusion as to the feelings of the Amazon and her captor. But we must not omit to mention a smaller but singularly clever work, "Three Miles to the Fair" (1042), by Mr. Claude Hayes, representing a party of gypsies on the tramp through the snow. The painting of the snow, always a difficult matter, is here successfully dealt with, and, on this account, we are ready to overlook the anachronism which places a fair during the winter months. Of course, there are instances to be cited, but they are not held under conditions which would attract gypsies.

Gallery XI., in addition to the auction-scene "By Order of the Court" (1146), referred to in our first survey of the exhibition, contains a few interesting works, among which Mr. Jacob-Hood's "Witches' Dance" (1166), a fantastic scene, remarkable for the easy movement of the figures and the sedateness of the colour. This picture, however, shows the danger to which imaginative works are exposed in our practical age, for in the hearing of the present writer it was unhesitatingly described by a lady as St. John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness; and by her companion, a clergyman by his dress, as the lifting up of the Brazen Serpent in the wilderness! Another curious but prosaic work is Mr. Henry Tuke's version of the "Story of Perseus and Andromeda" (1076), in which the monster figures as a somewhat magnified dogfish, which would promptly retreat with a kick from Perseus's toe. The picture is not otherwise interesting, and shows very little imaginative power. Mr. David Murray's "Young Wheat" (1090) is a bright open expanse of sky and down; and Mr. Joseph Milne's "Crossing the Moor" (1145) and Mr. Niel Lund's "Land of the Leal" (1153) are good instances of the more sombre landscape; but neither Mr. Yeend King's "Autumn's Wooing" (1098) nor Mr. Alfred East's "October Glow" (1104) is quite up to the level of some of their previous achievements, although they stand out in agreeable distinction to the majority of the pictures by which they are surrounded. Mr. Ernest Breun's "Cold Steel" (1114), the portrait of Captain Alfred Hutton in a fencing-dress, with a rapier in his hand, is a vigorous bit of drawing, and full of real strength.

The water-colours are, on the whole, exceedingly good; but, inasmuch as the Royal Academy makes no official recognition of this branch of art, it is not clear why painters should be so anxious to exhibit at Burlington House. Mr. Stacy Marks, although he gained his present position by oil-painting, has recently shown an increasing preference for water-colours; but his "Proposal" (1175), a study of two white cockatoos, is flat as compared with work like Bewick's. In purely imaginative work the ladies show a very marked pre-eminence, Miss Alice Chambers's "Relentless Memory" (1180) and Miss Florence Reason's "Requital" (1285) being especially noteworthy, as expressing true feeling without exaggeration. The latter's "Forbidden Book" (1287) is not quite so intelligible, for the book may be either a bible or missal which the lady is withdrawing from the iron chest, but the drawing is correct and the attitude natural. Mr. H. G. Massey's "Bad News" (1223), a simple cottage scene, is cleverly painted and its story simply told. Among the landscape work may be mentioned Mr. Reginald Jones's "Wane of Day" (1200), Mr. A. O. Townsend's "Silent Pool" (1221), Mr. T. B. Hardy's view of the "Custom House Quay" (1252), Mr. Arthur Melville's "Arabs Returning from a Raid" (1338), and Mr. R. B. Nisbet's "Evening Stillness" (1349), purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest.

Miniature-painting is gradually resuming its position among the "refined" arts, and many interesting specimens are contributed by Mr. Robert Henderson, Lord Bennett, Mr. T. D. Scott, and Mr. Charles Turrell; and among the ladies by Mrs. Mary Mitchell, Mrs. Stewart, and Miss A. Howard. The work is in all cases pleasing and dexterous, but it is not easy to distinguish any very marked signs of original genius.

The sculpture is especially varied this year, and in many instances shows a very marked advance upon previous displays. The honours of the year are beyond controversy due to Mr. Onslow Ford, not only on account of his grand rendering of General Gordon (1938) mounted on a camel—a remarkable combination of dignity and ease—but also on account of such excellent work as is to be seen in his bust of Sir Andrew Clarke (1974), the soldier and administrator, not the physician; and his two imaginative figures "Peace" (2116) and "Music" (2118). Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's diploma work "The Mirror" (2057) is merely a relief in marble, and will fail to convey to posterity those qualities of his work by which he has attained his present rank. Mr. Charles Lawes sends a fine monumental design, which if adopted in one of our public thoroughfares for a fountain would do much to redeem our streets from the reproaches so deservedly applied to them. The figures in Mr. Lawes's group represent Liberty, Peace, the United States, &c., and all display great freedom in treatment and well-arranged lines. Mr. Fred. Pomeroy's statuette of "Dionysus" (2080) is almost archaic in its feeling—and admirably modelled—while Mr. George Frampton's "Angel of Death" (2090), although conceived in the spirit of a later period, is scarcely less commendable. Mr. Harry Bates's design for the frontal of the altar (2061) of Holy Trinity Church, Chelsea, shows that in the treatment of such subjects as the Deposition Mr. Bates is able to rise above the ordinary conventional ideas and to convey the sense of an almost despairing sorrow without having recourse to the usual accessories of the solemn scene.

Here we close our notice of the pictures of the one hundred and twenty-second exhibition of the Royal Academy, which, on further consideration, bears out our first impression. The elder artists do not show in any great strength, with the exception of Mr. Fildes; and it may be an open question whether the chief aim of successful portraiture is to represent as a *grande dame* every sitter who presents herself, purse in hand. Among the younger artists there has been a far greater revolution, and many whose works have for years found hospitality upon the walls are now altogether absent, and are replaced by almost unknown names, very few of whom justify the preference accorded to them. No great promise is held out by any special picture, but a high level of technical work is maintained. In fact, it is to dexterity rather than to feeling that recognition is accorded by the Council, and one is tempted to smile at the choice of the motto which appears on the official catalogue, for in too many cases one looks at the pictures in vain for any proof of the relations of the artist to nature, while recognising his indebtedness to art.

SOCIÉTÉ NATIONALE DES BEAUX-ARTS.

FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

The group of artists who seceded from the old body on the occasion of the recent dispute among the organisers of the annual Salon opened their first exhibition on May 15 last. Under the title of "La Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts," they have taken up their abode in the Palace of Fine-Arts of last year's Universal Exhibition, in the Champ de Mars.

As it is natural to expect, from a number of men with similar ideas bound together by a common object, the work of many of them shows far more sympathy of aim and unity of purpose than is reasonably to be expected in the Old Salon. Consequently, the new society excels in that particular style of painting of which so many of its members are exponents; while, if regarded from the point of view of all forms of art, it will be found to be deficient in many of the different styles of work represented at the Palais de l'Industrie. For instance, big historical and decorative canvases do not show in anything like strong force, if we except M. Puvis de Chavannes, who is not at his best, and, perhaps, M. Lerolle. Subject-pictures in general, and those paintings that possess any so-called literary qualities, are hardly represented at all.

But work of a more purely æsthetic description, appealing to the eye rather than to the mind, is at its best in this exhibition. There are, also, many landscapes, possessing great qualities of truth and realism, to be included in estimating the good work on view.

Meissonier, as president of the new society, occupies the place of honour in the chief salon with a picture of the battlefield of "1806"—Napoleon and his staff watching the struggle from an elevated piece of ground in the foreground of the canvas. It exhibits all the wonderful mastery of detail which is the striking characteristic of the artist's work. On either side of Meissonier places have been given to two foreigners. On the right hangs a seapiece by Henry Moore, remarkable for drawing and movement, but looking rather yellow in the light parts amid so much of the characteristic grey tones of French art. On the left of "1806" are several paintings of Alexander Harrison, an American artist living in Paris, whose work deserves to be better known on the northern side of the Channel. Out of the four or five which he exhibits, perhaps the most remarkable is the moonlight study of sea. Several of his others are hardly more than sketches.

This central room, however, contains a good deal of inferior work which rather detracts from its appearance as a whole. We are not much impressed by the two pictures, hanging side by side, of Madame Lemaire. They are certainly pretty, and very facile in execution, but seem affected and false in conception.

Out of Boudin's ten small landscapes hanging together in the same room, the "Beach at Schevening," "The Departure of the Boats, Berck," "The Shore at Benerville," and the "Return of the Boats, Berck," are the most satisfactory. Daumat's work is very unequal, three of his small heads being very strong and good; but his full-length portrait of Madame De C. is not at all successful. The two landscapes of Lerolle, decoratively treated, are charming in every way, and, rendered with delightful feeling, are more pleasing, on the whole, than his two purely decorative subjects.

The larger long gallery, on the right of the square room, contains a large proportion of good work, as well as some of exceptional merit, which more than compensate for the small percentage of poor painting displayed. The five or six heads by Carrière, painted in his usual low key, are quite equal to anything of his that we remember to have seen. The child with the inkstand, and the mother caressing her baby, are, perhaps, the two best; but they are all remarkable studies of delicate movement and gesture.

Uhde's two tramps on a wet winter's evening is another exceptionally fine picture. The action of the man who is supporting his companion towards the distant inn along the sloppy road is very true and expressive. Of the two portraits by Sargent, that of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth has already been exhibited in London, and the other shows an extraordinary falling-off from the painter's usual level, being both crude and ill drawn. The best of Roll's portraits is his pastel hung in another room; yet those of Madame Jeanne Harding and M. Coquelin junior show some fine painting; the expression and action of the latter, however, are not very happily chosen.

On the opposite wall to the above-mentioned are an amusing series of character sketches by Boldini, for, although some of them are little less than life-size, they are too slight in technique to be regarded as finished pictures. They are full of vivacity and life, but a little too like caricatures. Cazin's four pictures, grouped together at the end of the room, though small, are very attractive. The most successful are the two larger ones, which are capital in their rendering of light and atmosphere. On the other side of a large uninteresting quasi-decorative military piece is a delightful evening effect by Verstraëte, called "The Woodcutter's Cottage."

It would require more space than we have at our disposal to discuss the peculiarities of the work of M. Besnard; but the two small studies called respectively "Sleep" and "Sleeplessness" should evoke undisputed praise. The same artist has a very successful pastel, a portrait of Madame Lemaire. Before leaving this room there are three pictures by La Touche to be admired; two garden scenes, both examples of exquisite arrangement and first-rate painting, and also a striking portrait of the artist's mother. At the same time might be noticed Meunier's largest work, a family group, treated in a rather similar manner to the two first-mentioned pictures of La Touche, in which the realistically quiet and restful attitudes of the figures harmonise with the graceful summer landscape.

M. Dagnan Bouveret has three small pictures in the room we have just noticed, which are not very important specimens of his usual marvellous skill. M. Carolus Duran's portraits show the same facility as of old, and in the same gallery are placed the graceful and animated canvases of Aublet, as well as M. Friant's remarkably truthful and carefully studied works. We have already spoken of the decorative designs of M. Puvis de Chavannes and M. Lerolle, and, with a regret that we are unable to give a longer review to the interesting collection of work in this room, we must pass on to the smaller galleries. Here, apparently, has been collected most of the painting of inferior quality in the exhibition; but there is a respectable quantity of first-rate work, which helps to raise the standard of the whole.

First come the masterly paintings of Zorn, the Norwegian painter, who has only recently become widely known. Thoren's studies of animals, especially that of three horses in a ploughed field with a stormy sky, are really admirable.

With the mention of the rather unreal but exceedingly cleverly painted heads of Deschamps and those of Ribot, some of which have the exact tone of Old Masters, we must conclude our short notice of the first exhibition of the "Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts."

NOVELS.

The Failure of Elisabeth. By E. Frances Poynter. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—Four years of unhappy married life, from the eighteenth to the twenty-second year of Elisabeth's age, constitute a serious failure in the aspirations of a noble-minded young woman, only misled by girlish enthusiasm in her resolve to love, honour, and obey a very unworthy husband. It is not every English schoolgirl, travelling alone by the Rhine steamboat on her way to "Schlossberg" or Heidelberg, who would fall in love, at the beginning, from a sentiment of religious veneration, and from gratitude for his notice, with a priggish invalid clergyman twice her own age. But such premature attachments, grounded on no real knowledge of the reverend gentleman's character, have now and then come within social experience; and, in cases where the young lady has a convenient little income of £300 a year, besides unlimited docility and capacity of adoring devotion, there may have been some clergymen, and other professional ministers of the gospel, ready enough to secure the easy conquest without much caring for her chance of happiness.

In the portraiture of this man, the Rev. Robert Holland, Vicar of Thornton Briars, the authoress has produced a strongly marked, original, substantial personality; a thoroughly human compound of good and evil, with earnest religious convictions struggling in vain, through his whole life, against the paltry selfishness and sordid meanness of his nature, which has the effect of a moral tragedy. Yet he is so poor a specimen of manhood, so narrow-hearted, so obstinate, jealous, tyrannical, and stupidly cruel—in one word, such a despicable egotist, with an insatiate craving for feminine flattery, that he merits none of our compassion. That he is not consciously a hypocrite—that he bitterly repents the one disgracefully bad action, in misapplying the funds of a parochial charity, which might, but for the secret help of his cousin, Gordon Temple, have ruined his clerical career—and that he has laboured zealously, till his health failed, in the outward functions of his sacred office—must be set down to his credit; but Elisabeth, when impressed with imaginative awe by hearing him preach an eloquent sermon, could not suspect an apparently saintly divine of common worldly faults. This was her great mistake; and the consequence, related with exquisite delicacy in a very pathetic narrative, was her necessary "failure" to maintain due respect and affection for her husband, and to retain his confidence, in the position of a young, ignorant, but ever-dutiful and faithful wife.

Miss Poynter's new story, granting such conditions of individual character, which nobody can deny to be possible who knows the world and the Church as they really are, "so very human" after all, seems to us conceived with a just regard to probabilities of incident and of behaviour, while it has a powerful interest, and of a pure and wholesome kind. The scene is laid partly at Schlossberg, with clever, graphic, and rather satirical sketches of the uneasy life of wandering English families at foreign boarding-houses or "Pensions," and the officious presidency of the English "chaplain" and his wife—partly, in the rustic dullness of the parsonage at Thornton Briars, with the niggard housekeeping enforced by Mr. Holland's miserly habits—and partly at Venice, where he and his wife are enabled to sojourn in apartments lent by his wealthy Austrian relatives. Every reader acquainted with Heidelberg will immediately recognise the local features of Schlossberg; but Frau Werner's establishment, with the types of certain classes of our country-folk, who are apt to huddle together in such an abode during the summer, may be found in many German, French, or Italian towns.

Mr. Holland being an absentee from his parish cure on account of prolonged bad health, he and his wife might well be met among the inmates of those economical retreats for dispersed fragments of English society on the Continent. In spite of the repugnance, which is mutual, between him and the generous foreign ladies, Baroness Von Leuwine and Madame Von Waldorf, his kindred by his father's second marriage, their kindness reaches his oppressed young wife, having indeed commenced in her lonely girlhood when first she went to Germany. The brightest and pleasantest scenes of the story are connected with their presence; it introduces, also, in Gordon Temple, the scientific professor of Oriental languages and traveller in Asia, a fine example of manly behaviour. On the other hand, Miss Dulcie Fawcett, the daughter of the village doctor in England, the sly, treacherous, intriguing female parasite of the parish clergyman, is an odious specimen of her sex; and when the infatuated Vicar takes her, with himself and his wife, as a favourite companion in their foreign tour, the vexations of Elisabeth are sorely aggravated. But the crown of sorrow, to so true a wife, is the discovery of her husband's past deed of pecuniary dishonesty, and the fury, the vindictive cruelty, with which he resents her innocent attempt to repay the old debt of honour. Driven from his presence, she seeks a hiding-place for some days in the Tyrol, but presently revisits Schlossberg, where she learns that Mr. Holland is in a dying condition; then she returns, just in time to seek a parting reconciliation. Elisabeth has atoned for her mistaken choice: the severe ordeal, consequent on her "failure," has come to an end. We may now hope that a more congenial union, with that fine fellow Gordon Temple, will some day make her happy.

In Her Earliest Youth. By "Tasma." Three vols. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co.)—Australian social life already commands the literary efforts of colonial authors, novelists, and poets, as well as descriptive essayists, to represent its peculiar characteristics. The clever lady who writes under the name of "Tasma," already made known to readers in England by her story called "Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill," has talents above the average of the rank and file in the great army of contemporary novelists; and her acquaintance with local fashions and domestic manners at Sydney and Melbourne, among the richer classes of a lively, pleasure-loving, money-spending community, is freely turned to account. "Tasma" seems to be a candid and truthful witness of these social

aspects, which she delineates without flattery or false enthusiasm for the results of a marvellously rapid rise in material prosperity and splendid prospects in the future. She is evidently conscious of a certain provincial defectiveness of tone and style, we do not say vulgarity, but uneasy sense of novelty and lack of the refinement produced by harmony of ideas and customs, which is perceptible in the ostentatious part of colonial society. Everybody here must have had the pleasure of meeting some Australians whose conversation is as delightful as that of the best-educated persons in Europe,



THE NEW PAVILION AT LORD'S CRICKET GROUND.

while their active habits, their observant intelligence, their cheerful and hopeful disposition, unvexed by the weary problems of the Old World, have the effect of a refreshing presence. Still, in this and other portraiture of Australian city life, apart from the monotonous occupation of a squatter at a lonely sheep or cattle station, we are forced to recognise some want of the higher elements of mental and moral culture, which neither public libraries and art galleries, nor schools, colleges, and Universities, nor a diversity of Churches equally free, can immediately supply. Wealth can do much, and self-government, on the whole, in our great Colonies, well exercised and administered, will ensure the progress of those fortunate commonwealths; but private happiness depends on the standard of domestic behaviour and feelings of the most intimate nature.

It cannot be doubted that there is as fair an average of good men and women among the Australian ladies and gentlemen as in the old country; yet if Mr. George Draffon of Rubria, on the Murray, were taken as a type of the bustling young squatter, and if his wife Pauline, the motherless daughter of a disgraced naval officer, brought up by her French grandmother at Sydney, could be regarded as a specimen of the Australian well-born damsel "in her earliest youth," we should fear sad confusion in the homes of their class. To be sure, Madame Delaunay, the fond grandmother, who by a second marriage is also the mother of a little boy called by Pauline "Uncle Chubby," is a very exceptional person, an aggressive free-thinker on religious questions; and the girl has been led to disbelieve in all divine and eternal sanctions of the moral law. Generous affections, with vague aspirations towards an ideal of human nobleness, are her only guidance; but even these should have forbidden her, out of a mere impulse of gratitude for saving the child's life, to give herself away to a man whom she never loved, and whom she could not trust or respect. George Draffon's vices were not indeed flagrantly developed until after his marriage, when he became a reckless better and gambler, a disgusting drunkard, and a sullen, savage domestic tyrant; but the egotism, the coarse animalism, the low desire of self-gratification, which prompted his pursuit of this beautiful girl were so rudely displayed that she had no excuse for her fatal error. The story of conjugal estrangement, bitter quarrels, miserable tempers, and mistaken

The character of Pauline is not unnatural, and that of George has a shocking appearance of reality, but their disagreement fails to excite high interest, because her conduct is feeble, fitful, and unmindful of the responsibilities of womanhood. Sir Francis Segrave, with his polite airs of superiority, as an English gentleman of rank and title—a Baronet who owns a steam-yacht is accounted somebody in colonial ports—and with his affectation of romantic mysteries in the possession of the poison-bearing ring, could impose on a weak and ignorant female mind. It is hard to understand what code of honour may abide with "gentlemen" who are accustomed to go about seducing the wives of their acquaintance; but we suppose that few even of such perfidious profligates would descend to the base villany of tempting the husband to get drunk, to squander his money, and to degrade himself by vile debauchery, in order to destroy the last remnant of compunction in the heart of the despairing wife. That Pauline, reputed a woman of strong intelligence, and credited with noble sentiments, should be on the point of eloping with this ruthless scoundrel, admiring him as the hero of ideal chivalry, does not speak well for the education she has received "in her earliest youth." She is saved, indeed, by a telegram from Sydney, an hour before the yacht is to sail, calling her to the sick-bed of the darling boy, her "Uncle Chubby," and to the safe refuge of her grandmother's house. There she might already have sought protection, if she had chosen, from the cruelty of her brutal husband. The end is not a tragedy, after all; for she also falls ill, and by one of those blessed moral conversions, which in fiction are sometimes effected through fevers or other dangerous maladies, George and Pauline are presently made regenerated souls. They live together again, a good and happy couple, from that critical time; they acquire immense riches, bequeathed by that odious Melbourne money-grubber, George's uncle, Josiah Carp; they are seen enjoying the gaieties of Paris, and settled in a mansion at South Kensington. It is only from the pen of "Tasma," writing in Australia, that we learn how they made such a very bad beginning.

THE NEW PAVILION AT LORD'S.

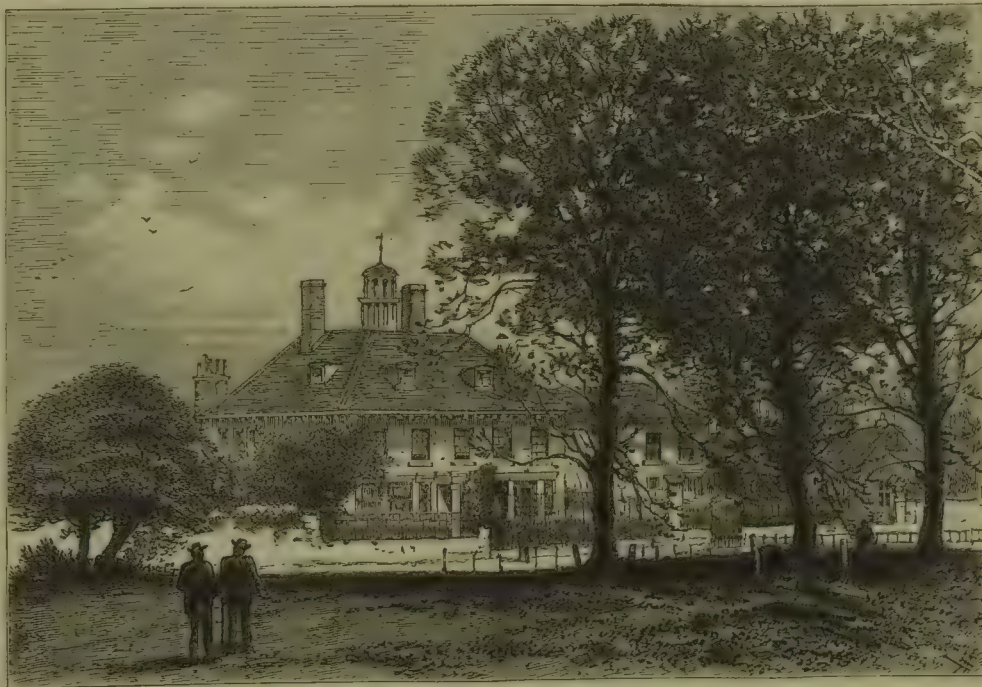
Lord's Cricket-ground has obtained this season a great improvement, in the handsome new pavilion erected by the Marylebone Club. The architect is Mr. Thomas Verity, and the work has been carried out by Messrs. Simpson and Co., at a cost of rather more than £20,000. The building is on the site of the old one; it is fronted with ornamental terracotta-work, and has seat accommodation for upwards of 3000 people. On the ground floor is a room where members can take shelter during rain, 90 ft. long and 30 ft. wide. One end of the building is devoted to the secretary, and the other to general offices. On the first floor is a long series of dressing- and bath-rooms, and the floor above is devoted to the same purpose. The greater part of the roof is covered, and there is room on it to seat 2000 people. There is a refreshment-room, which affords the utmost comfort and convenience.

THE SWANLEY HORTICULTURAL COLLEGE.

This institution is designed to enable young men to acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of the latest and most scientific and the most profitable systems of horticulture, fitting them to become either prosperous cultivators, or to enter on the duties of landholders, horticultural farmers, market gardeners, resident estate agents, stewards, surveyors, bailiffs, or colonists. It is managed by a Council of about twenty gentlemen, including many well known in scientific horticulture. Among them are Mr. John McDougall, F.C.S.; Mr. Bond; Alderman Barker, of the London County Council; Professor Milner, of the Crystal Palace; Mr. Charles Whitehead, who was agricultural adviser to the Privy Council; the Venerable Archdeacon Lea, author of "Small Fruit-growing Farms"; and Mr. Arkwright, member of Council of the Royal Agricultural Society. The Principal of the College is Professor Frank Cheshire, formerly lecturer at South Kensington on apiculture and the relation of insects to flowering plants. He is supported by an assistant, Mr. Cecil Hooper, M.R.A.C., silver medallist of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland. They give instruction on soils and manures, on market gardening, on the natural history, habits, and influence on horticulture of earth-worms, insects, molluscs, reptiles, and birds, and the structure and growth of plants. Lectures are attended, and all students are required, so far as health and other circumstances permit, to take part in the practical and experimental work of the college in the grounds, glass-houses, and workshops.

The College, a mile and a half from Swanley Junction on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, occupies a fine old family mansion, formerly in the possession of Sir Edward Reed, M.P. Its lecture-hall is the saloon constructed for the Bessemer Channel steamer, afterwards purchased by Sir E. Reed, and transported to his house down here in Kent, where it has served for a billiard- and ball-room. The house is an old square-built, roomy country dwelling, clad with ivy, surmounted by a bell-turret, and approached by a broad grassy avenue of fine lime-trees. It contains class-rooms, a dining-hall, a chemical laboratory, a library, dormitory accommodation for about fifty students, a dairy, workshops, an apiary, poultry runs, an engine and boiler for jam-making, a small petroleum gas-factory, and store-rooms. Attached to the house are about forty-three acres of land, planted with fruit-trees, and in the practical management of the fruit and vegetable grounds, mushroom-beds, and conservatories the students will find the application of the theoretical knowledge they gain from books and lectures.

Sir Richard Temple, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the London School Board, has submitted the budget for the ensuing year, showing that, including a deficit of nearly £80,000, the estimated amount leviable is £1,403,280, involving a rate of a fraction over 10½d in the pound.



THE HORTICULTURAL COLLEGE, SWANLEY, KENT.

jealousies which only precede a very close approach to infidelity on the part of the unhappy young wife, is deprived of much claim to our sympathy, at the outset, by the consideration that she ought not to have taken such a husband. She intended to be a true wife, but she must have known, by her own sentimental and passionate notions, that it was wrong to wed him, being unable to love him; and this has prepared the way for her second great fault, in the levity with which she accepts the insidious attention of Sir Francis Segrave, an accomplished seducer, during her sojourn at Melbourne.



A BANJO RECITAL.

BY H. SAUNDERS



THE FLOWER AND VEGETABLE MARKET, BOULOGNE.

BY H. CATTIERI.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE INROADS OF THE SEA.

The history of Reculvers Church, which interested us two weeks ago, suggests that it may be instructive if we attempt to dive into the story of sea-action on our coasts at large, by way, perchance, of presenting holiday-seekers with material for study when they visit our coasts, and, at least, of affording food for geological thought at large. Britain, as a "sea-girt isle," presents to us notable illustrations of sea-action, and the more so because the rocks of which our various coasts are composed exhibit such an infinite variety of texture, composition, and hardness. Naturally, certain localities, whereof the rocks are soft and easily worn away, present us with more typical illustrations of the ocean wear-and-tear than those places in which rocks of dense hardness form the bulwarks of the island. But if we inquire into the fate of the coasts in the far north, and pursue our investigations, say, in the Shetland Islands, we may discover that, even on the hardest rocks, the ceaseless beat of the waves in due time makes a very marked impression. Let us think for a moment what the power of the sea in a storm means. In Shetland, for example, it is calculated, on very exact evidence, that great masses of rock, weighing thirteen tons, have been excavated from the cliffs by the force of the waves acting at a height of 70 feet above the level of the sea. When a large wave strikes upon a rock, the pressure of the blow may equal three tons to each square foot. Thuswise, the air which all rocks contain is forcibly compressed, but as quickly, of course, expands when the wave has retreated.

It is chiefly this compression and expansion of the air in rocks which aids and effects their breaking-up by the waves; but the sea has other methods of procedure in its attack on the land. The boulders and blocks which have become detached from the rocks accumulate at the foot of the cliffs. The waves seize these blocks in their grasp, and dash them with fury against the cliffs; using thus the material it has stolen from the rocks as a kind of natural artillery wherewith fresh assault and battery are made upon the land. There is often a definite plan of sea-action to be noted in the case of many coasts. An outjutting portion of a cliff is first of all tunneled by the waves, so that a natural archway is formed. Then the tunnel collapses, and its outermost part is left standing as a sea-stack or "needle." This stack, bit by bit, is worn down to the sea-level. It grows small by degrees, until it becomes a mere tangle-covered rock, which will be further planed down and worn to nothingness by the irresistible action of the waves.

The Yorkshire coast, as well as the east coasts farther south, present us with many characteristic historical examples of the action of the sea in robbing us of the land. There is one section of the Yorkshire coast, from the mouth of the Tees to the Humber estuary, which has suffered severely through sea-action. Old maps of this region do not represent its outlines as they exist to-day, and a comparison of these ancient charts with modern ones teaches us an eloquent lesson of the ocean's power. The rocks in the locality I have just named are, on the whole, of soft character, and present no adequate resistance to the waves. They are composed of chalk, lias, and oolite strata. At Flamborough we see the chalk worn into caves and into needles as characteristic as are those of the Isle of Wight—which, themselves, alter their form and dwindle away year by year. Between Flamborough Head and Spurn Point we meet with beds of boulder-clay, which rise to a height of a hundred feet or so. This material offers no resistance to the waves. The tide scours and moves away the gravels which might otherwise protect the bases of the cliffs, and the wear-and-tear in this region has therefore been typical in its amount and rapidity. Whole tracts of land on this Holderness coast have thus bodily disappeared: villages, both seaport and inland, have been swept away. Since the times of the Romans a belt of land nearly three miles broad has been regarded as representing the loss of territory on this coast. The late Professor Phillips calculated that the cliffs from Bridlington to Spurn recede at a rate of two yards and a quarter per year, this action taking place over an extent of coast-line measuring thirty-six miles. Calculated as to the actual amount of land which the sea swallows up, we may safely set the loss down on this part of the coast at thirty acres annually.

The old maps of the coast to which I have alluded present a melancholy list of details in respect of their failure to identify the existing outline of the land. Thus, what were once towns and villages known as Auburn, Hartburn, and Hyde, in Yorkshire, are now sandbanks in the sea. Owthorne and Kilnsea, ravaged by the waves, have been rebuilt inland. But Norfolk and Suffolk suffer in equal extent with Yorkshire itself. Speaking of Sherringham, Sir Charles Lyell tells us that in 1829, when he investigated the rate of sea-waste there represented, some seventeen yards had been swept away in five years. The inn, built in 1805, had fifty yards between it and the sea; but in 1829 only a small garden was left; the builders of the house having vainly supposed that the sea would take at least seventy years to reach the inn. In 1829, we are further informed, there was a depth of water, sufficient to float a frigate—20 feet at least—in the harbour, where, only forty-eight years previously, a cliff 50 feet high, with houses upon it, had stood. Ancient Cromer, it may be related, is now swallowed up in the German Ocean, and the Cromer cliffs are still being worn away. But the history of the parish and village of Eccles, and the villages of Shipden and Wimpwell, is as instructive as any that may be related of this ceaseless attack upon our coasts. The three villages have themselves disappeared, and the whole coastline of Norfolk for a length of twenty miles in this locality has presented from time immemorial illustrations of rapid sea-wear. Of Eccles we read that in 1605, when pedantic James had come to the English throne, the good folk of Eccles petitioned the King for a reduction of taxes. Their ground of claim was very just and reasonable. No fewer than 300 acres of their land had been swept away by the sea, and all their houses, save fourteen, had disappeared. Lyell tells us that not 150 acres remain in the parish, and hills of blown sand-dunes occupy the site of the houses wherein King James's petitioners resided. In 1839 the tower of Eccles Church could be seen rising from amid hills of blown sand. In 1862, after a celebrated November storm, the sand dunes were seen to have been blown inland; the tower was bared, and the waves "washed the foundations of the edifice."

From John o' Groat's to Land's End there is scarcely a coast-line which will not yield ample details of sea-action to the inquiring mind. Landships may and do occur occasionally, and may hurl cliffs bodily seawards; the land itself may sink and give up so much of the coast to the waves. But beyond these actions in constancy and power is the work of the sea itself. Indeed, whether grinding the pebbles and particles into the long ribbed lines of sand and kissing the coast with the gentle salutation of the summer wavelets, or grinding the boulders and tearing the cliffs in its winter fury, the sea is ever taking from us the land on which we dwell, and threatening our shores with a fate all the more terrible, because, relatively, we are so powerless to avert it.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE FLOWER-MARKET AT BOULOGNE.

Some time ago we had an illustration of the pleasing trade in flowers which is one of the attractive features of San Remo; and though the French shore that lies so near to ours, across the homely Channel, is not so favoured in climate and soil as the beautiful Riviera, visitors to Boulogne may find something of the same agreeable kind to beguile their daily stroll in the streets of that lively and hospitable town. The market for culinary vegetables, on one side, and for choice flowering plants and bouquets of blossoms, on the other, held near the lower end of the Grande Rue, is attractive by the nature of such produce, and by the amiable manners of the French women engaged in this profitable business. Mr. H. Caffier's drawing of this scene will be acceptable to our readers, many of whom are likely to recognise its truth from their personal observation.

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR F. P. HAINES, G.C.B.

This distinguished military officer, now raised to the highest rank in the British Army, was Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India from 1876 to 1881, and retired from that office with thanks voted by both Houses of Parliament for directing operations in the Afghan War. Sir Frederick Paul Haines was born in 1819, son of Commissary-General Gregory Haines, C.B. He was educated at Midhurst, in Sussex, at Brussels, and at Dresden. In 1839 he entered the Army in the 4th King's Own Regiment; became a Captain, in the 10th Regiment of the Line, in 1846, and was promoted, in 1849, to be Major of the 21st Royal North British Fusiliers, and to be Lieutenant-Colonel in 1850. He was Colonel of the 8th Regiment of Infantry from 1854 to 1874, and commanded it during the Crimean War, for which he received the medal with four clasps, and the Turkish Order of the Medjidieh. Ten years before, as a subaltern officer, he had won distinction and promotion in the campaign of the Sutlej, where he was severely wounded; and he also took part in the War of the Punjab, in 1848 and 1849, being attached to the staff of Lord Gough, at first as aide-de-camp, afterwards as Military Secretary, from 1844 to 1849, and subsequently to General Sir Patrick Grant. Colonel Haines afterwards held a staff appointment in Ireland, as Deputy Adjutant-General, and in May 1864, being promoted to the rank of Major-General, was placed in command of the Dublin district. He was next appointed to an Indian command, that of the troops in the Mysore Division, which he held from 1865 to 1870. On his return to England he was appointed Quartermaster-General at the Horse Guards; but the command of the Madras Army became vacant, and was conferred in 1871 on Sir Frederick Haines, made a Knight of the Bath, with the rank of Lieutenant-General. He held this post during five years, till he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, with the full rank of General, and received also the honours of Grand Cross of the Bath, to which have been added those of the Star of India and the Order of the Indian Empire.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Say it Again" is the title of a song, the words from the skilled and experienced hand of Mr. E. Oxenford, the music by Miss Mary Ford, an accomplished young amateur, several of whose productions of a similar kind have previously elicited our commendation. The song now referred to presents a smooth and flowing melody, of an especially cantabile character, that is available by almost any range of voice. It has somewhat of the tone of a sentimental waltz movement, the conventional three-four time being varied by a transition to two-four. The song is issued by the London Music Publishing Company, from whom also we have "Meribah," a sacred cantata, the words selected from the Holy Scriptures by the Rev. J. P. Metcalfe, the music composed by Dr. J. Naylor. The work consists of two parts, entitled respectively "The Waters of Strife" and "The Waters of Life." The music comprises pieces for solo voices and choruses, and offers some strongly contrasted effects which would no doubt prove impressive when rendered with requisite choral and orchestral accessories.

"Lost at Sea," by W. Hill, is a song in which nautical sentiment is well expressed in strains that may be rendered very effective by a singer possessing declamatory power. Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co. are the publishers.

A recent number of Messrs. Boosey and Co.'s "Cavendish Music-Books" contains a selection of oratorio gems, being thirteen favourite solo vocal pieces from Mendelssohn's oratorios "St. Paul" and "Elijah," and his solo "O for the Wings of the Dove," from "Hear My Prayer." These are given with a pianoforte accompaniment arranged from the orchestral score; and the work being well engraved and printed, on good paper of full music size, the price of one shilling per number must be considered as exceptionally small, even in these days of remarkably cheap publications. From the same publishers we have "Twas surely Fate," a very good specimen of the sentimental style; some expressive lines by Clifton Bingham being allied to pleasing vocal strains supplied by Hope Temple, who has produced a melody of essentially vocal character, and free from either exaggeration or conventional commonplace. From Messrs. Boosey and Co. we likewise have a very pleasing song, "The Angel's Promise," words by F. E. Weatherly, music by A. H. Behrend; a violin accompaniment (obligato) giving additional effect to that of the pianoforte. "The Arab's Bride" (from the same publishers) is written and composed by G. Marks, who has produced a piece possessing very strongly marked and effective rhythm, that will be acceptable to declamatory singers. Yet another vocal piece from Messrs. Boosey's house remains for mention—"Old Whitehall," words by W. Mills, music by E. Birch. The melody, if not particularly original, is vocal in character, and has contrasted rhythms in the alternations from three-four to common time.

Messrs. Duff and Stewart have brought out good library editions of the exquisite orchestral music composed by Schubert for the drama of "Rosamunde." The two entr'actes and the ballet movements in G major and B minor are here reproduced, well arranged for one performer on the pianoforte. From the same publishers we also have Wollenhaupt's "Scherzo Brillante," effectively arranged as a pianoforte duet by A. Delorme; and De Grau's "Caprice Brillante," entitled "Pluie de Corail," similarly adapted by the same arranger.

In a fantasia on Scotch airs for violin and pianoforte, composed by J. J. Haakman, we have some characteristic national tunes very effectively arranged for the display of both the instruments specified. Mr. Woolhouse (of Regent-street) is the publisher.

A window has been executed for St. Alban's Church, Copenhagen, in memory of the Rev. Robert Stevenson Ellis, M.A., late Chaplain of the British Legation, Copenhagen, who was appointed in 1834, and died in September 1883. The window is given by members of the congregation past and present; and was executed by Heaton, Butler, and Bayne, of London, by whom all the windows there have been done.

THE JAPANESE HEADDRESS AND PILLOW.

The illustrations of Japanese habits and manners, with which we have been furnished by Mr. Charles J. S. Makin, a traveller and amateur photographer, are accompanied with an explanatory comment; and the following notes on the fashion of dress, so far as it concerns the arrangement of the hair of the head, will help to show the reason for what seems an uncomfortable way of going to bed at night: "The Japanese dress is easily described. A series of loose wrappings, with a gown, Kimono, over all, is common to both sexes. The distinguishing feature between them lies in the 'obi,' or girdle, worn by the women. It is wrapped round the waist, and tied into a bow at the back. Though usually worn of one subdued colour, the holiday 'obi' is a very elaborate affair. The rich embroidery which adorns it is of the very best material that the purses of the wearers will afford. It is really the only part of their costume which gives them scope for display, with the exception, perhaps, of their headdress.

"The headdress is a most elaborate affair, built on a foundation of cardboard, which is blackened; the hair, being passed over it, is then smoothed down and well oiled, and into it they put flowers, combs, fancy pins, and other small articles, intended to heighten their personal attractions. The result is frequently an artistic triumph. It is a tedious process, and perhaps for this reason habit has taught them to sleep without soft pillows; instead of which they use a round piece of wood, like a rolling-pin, about eight inches long, supported on two wooden feet, and with a hollow for the neck to lie in; so by these means the ladies are able to leave their hair untouched for several days, as at night it does not become at all disarranged; and for that consideration, of course, they can reconcile themselves to its use.

"The male attire is similar, in many respects, to that of the other sex; but the 'obi' worn by men is only a narrow band, wrapped several times round the waist, and with no embroidery or bright colours to make it conspicuous. In this girdle the man will carry pen and ink in a case, also his tobacco-pouch and pipe; and very frequently the much-caricatured fan. The national costume is certainly pleasing in its simplicity, but now European dress is rapidly being adopted, which is a pity, as it tends a great deal to destroy the characteristic look of the people."

IBEX-SHOOTING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

The Himalayan district of Baltistan, or Little Tibet, adjacent to Kashmir, was recently described by a correspondent. The following extract from the diary of a sportsman—Captain B. R. James, of the East Surrey Regiment—narrates his experiences of ibex-shooting there: "On July 19, 1887, on six months' leave from my regiment at Allahabad, I found myself at Arundoo, the terminal moraine of the great Shigar glacier. I had had a month after markhor on the Kay-hay range, and another month after bears in the hills round the Kashmir plain. It was too late in the year to hope for ibex, except at great heights, as the snow was nearly all melted down below. At Arundoo the villages came to an end, so, buying three sheep at one rupee each, nine she-goats for milk, and twenty chickens at about one anna each, I started on July 20 up the glacier, moving along the top of it. We reached a good-looking side nullah in the evening, and I pitched my tent. From the 21st to the 24th I saw some small ibex, but did not get a shot.

"On the 25th we crossed the glacier, a good mile broad, and not very easy going, and began a climb up the opposite side of the nullah. I had taken with me my felt bed-bag to sleep in, and provision for three days. About two in the afternoon we saw one ibex standing out against the sky on the highest point for miles round; presently another, and another, came in sight, till at last we could count thirty-nine male ibex. It was a splendid sight as they stood there, looking all horns. The shikarri and I placed ourselves just below the snow line, where it seemed likely they would come down in the evening to feed, and waited patiently behind a rock. About half past five o'clock they began coming down, first the small ones, and last of all three old white-coated fellows, with splendid heads. They came on gradually to within two hundred yards of us, and, after a short crawl behind a mound, I got a shot at the oldest and whitest of them all. They all made off straight back, the way they had come down, and I thought I had missed the ibex altogether. I bagged one with a fair head as they were going off, and returned to where we had left the food and blankets, thoroughly disheartened at missing the big one.

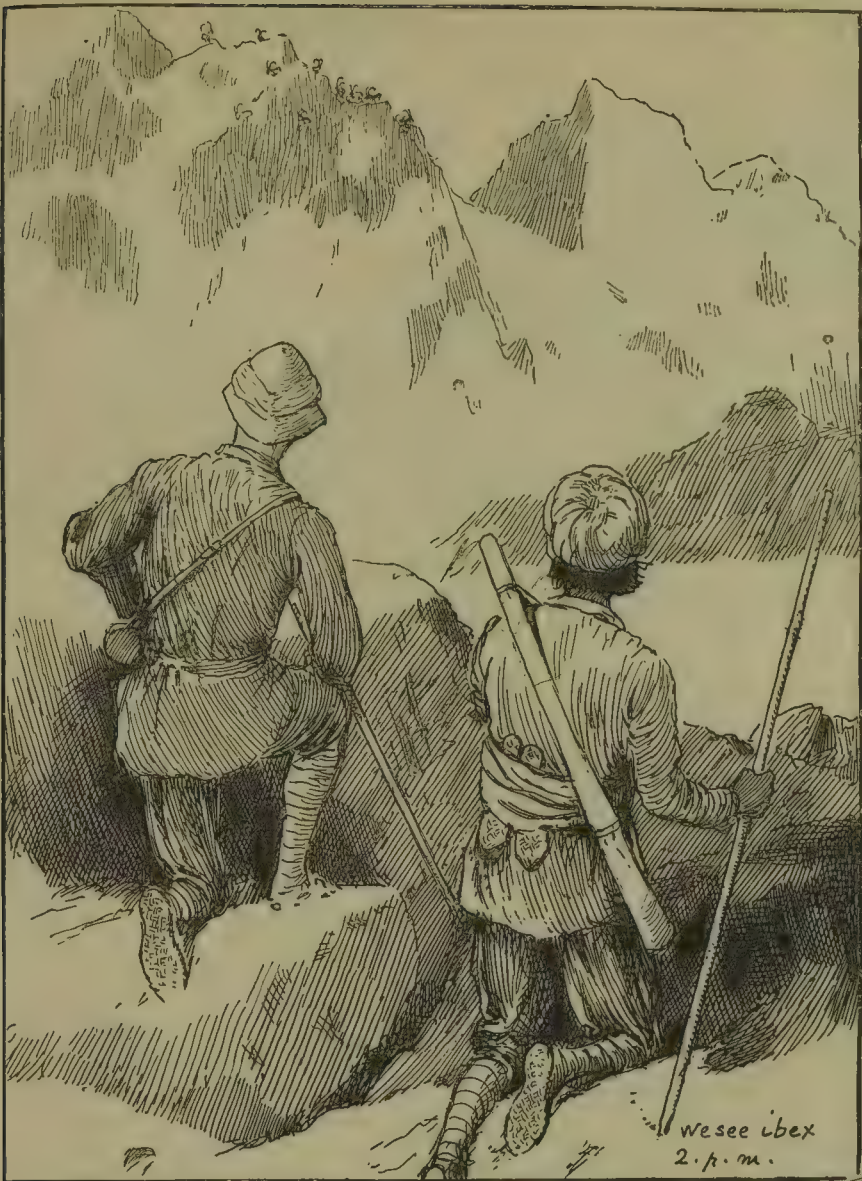
"Between the 25th and 31st I bagged five ibex, the last being the very one I had first fired at. He was in wretched condition, with a large wound in his quarter made by the bullet of the 25th. The two best heads were about forty inches each. On the 29th I was witness of a curious sight, while stalking an ibex lying by himself on a small patch of grass. The shikarri suddenly pulled me down, and pointed out to me a lynx about two hundred yards off, so intent on stalking the ibex that he had not seen us. We watched him stalking for a long time, and I made up my mind to try and get a shot at him. The moment I moved, however, he was off, and I never caught sight of him again.

"On Aug. 1, I started back for Srinagar, and arrived there on the 13th, beating the Maharajah's telegraph by two days. For I sent a telegram from Skardo, which reached Srinagar on the 15th. After three days' rest in the Chunah Bagh at Srinagar, I went up to Gulmarg, the Kashmir Hill camp, for some cricket and society, having had nearly four months' shooting alone."

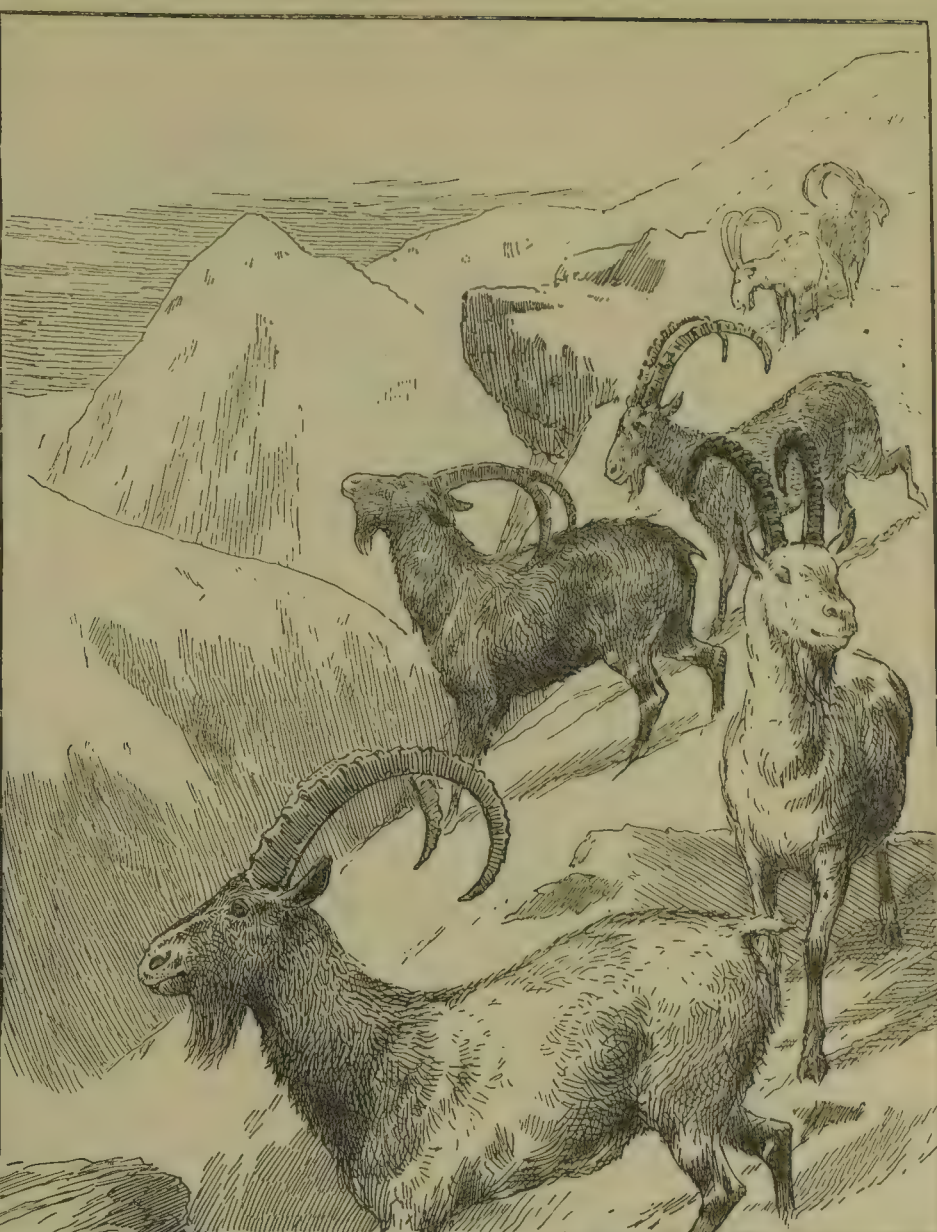
The Duke of Bedford has remitted 50 per cent. of the last half-year's rent to the tenants on his Cambridgeshire and Northamptonshire estates.

The amount bequeathed to the University of Cambridge by Mrs. Clerk-Maxwell, widow of the late Professor of Experimental Physics, to found a scholarship in the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge, has been realised, and shows available for this purpose £5963, with accruing interest on the sum of £5000, on deposit with the National Bank of Scotland. The scholarship will be founded for the advancement of original researches in experimental physics, and especially in electricity, magnetism, and heat—departments of science in which Mr. Clerk-Maxwell, in a too short career, gained a brilliant reputation.

The General Assemblies of the Scotch Churches were opened on May 21 in Edinburgh. The inauguration of the Established Church Assembly was accompanied with the usual ceremony. The Marquis of Tweeddale, as Lord High Commissioner, held a *levée* at Holyrood Palace, and afterwards proceeded to St. Giles's Cathedral, where the Rev. Dr. Gloag, the retiring Moderator, preached. In opening the Assembly, Dr. Gloag said there were noted symptoms that the Church was going to pass through a great struggle for its existence as the National Church of Scotland, but he had a sanguine hope that it would go uninjured through the crisis. The Rev. Dr. A. K. H. Boyd was appointed Moderator for the ensuing year. At the opening of the Free Church Assembly the Rev. Dr. T. Brown, of Edinburgh, was appointed Moderator.



We see ibex
2 p.m.



At last they come down 5.30 p.m.



and I get a shot at one



I bag another as they go off



Two to one against the ibex

E. Gibberne



FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FREDERICK PAUL HAINES, G.C.B.



A JAPANESE PILLOW.



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2. Sisters of Mercy.

3. In the Market.

4. A Milkman.

5. An Indian Carter with Poncho.

6. A Brewer's Dray.

SKETCHES IN SANTIAGO, THE CAPITAL OF CHILE, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

ABOUT FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love,

says Shakespeare, and certainly these affairs do put a great strain upon it. To love a woman passionately and to renounce her in favour of a friend is a piece of superhuman virtue to which the male sex is not equal. Girls have been known, indeed, to sacrifice their love on the altar of friendship, but one doesn't like them the better for doing so. They meant well, but they did ill, for love, once bestowed, is not transferable at pleasure. It may be sweet, dear lady, to break your heart for the sake of a friend, but what if that friend lives and break your lover's heart? This, however, is a difficult question, and, happily, one that rarely needs to be answered, since the romance of friendship is to be found, nowadays, chiefly in novels.

J. D.

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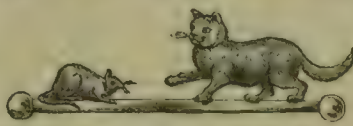


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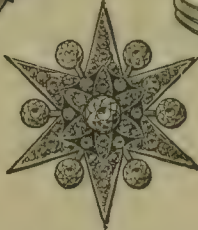
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A WEAVING VILLAGE.

Out of the way here, in the quiet hollow of the Ayrshire hills, something remains yet of the life of a hundred years ago. Elsewhere, the puffing of steam may have taken the place of toil by hand, but here in the long summer days from morning till night the click-clack of the looms is still to be heard, and within every second window up the length of the village street the dusty frames are to be seen moving regularly to and fro. Pots of geranium and fuchsia are set sometimes in these windows, and through the narrow doorways the cottage gardens can be seen behind, carefully kept, and ablaze just now with wallflower borders and pansies. Sadly, however, is the place decayed from its prosperity of old. Little traffic comes now to the wide, empty street. The carrier's cart is an object of interest when it puts in an appearance. The baker's van may be the only vehicle of an afternoon; and twice a week only comes the fletcher's cart. Butcher meat, it is to be feared, is but seldom seen on some of the village tables; and, when work is more than usually scarce, many must put up with but "muslin broth." Here and there a roofless ruin, breaking the regular line of dwellings, tells of a decaying industry. In the sunny inn-door at the head of the village the brown retriever may rouse himself, once in the afternoon, to inspect the credentials of some vagrant terrier; and but for the faint click-clack of the looms all day, and the appearance, once in a while, of a woman with a pair of stoups to draw water at the village well, the place might seem asleep.

Yet a hearty trade once thrived on the spot. Every house had its loom going, sometimes two; and there was always work in plenty. Weavers' wives could go to kirk, then, in black-beaded bonnets and flowered Paisley shawls, and the Relief Kirk minister got his stipend of eighty pounds a year nearly always paid. In those times the carrier's cart used to have business in the village every day; merchants from Glasgow came bidding against each other for work in a hurry; and four of the weavers at once have been known to have sons at college studying for the ministry. Those were the days when the village kept a watchful eye upon the religious and political movements of the country. Before the stamp duty was removed from newspapers the weavers subscribed in clubs and took out their weekly sheet, which was passed from shop to shop, read and digested, and thoroughly threshed out in the doorstep debates when a knot of neighbours would gather between the spells of work. In this way the great Reform Bill was fully discussed and settled here long before it passed

the House of Commons; and the absorbing question of the Disruption, which gave birth to the Free Church, was thoroughly argued and thought out on its merits. True to the traditions of their craft, of course, most of the weavers were the reddest of Radicals, and the progress of the Chartist movement excited the keenest interest among them. The work at the looms was to a great extent mechanical, and while they pushed the treadles and pulled the shuttles to and fro the weavers had time to think; and shrewd thinkers and able debaters many of them became, ready at the hustings with questions on the corn laws, the freeing of the slaves, and the Irish grievances, which were apt to put a political candidate to some trouble. He had not their advantage of the daily "argufying," and the Saturday night debates at the village inn. There was a tradition that in the room where this club met, the poet Burns had once spent an evening, and the fact lent an additional zest to his song, which they never tired of quoting, "A man's a man for a' that!"

The King can make a belted knight,
A Marquis, Duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's the work o' God:
A man's a man for a' that.

The industry of the village has died hard. Amid decaying trade the weavers kept to their looms, and many a pinch was suffered before one after another laid down his shuttle. Their feelings are not difficult to understand. As boys they had played about the village well. As young men they had wandered with their sweethearts—that delicious time—down the woodland roads around. Memories had grown about them and their old homes during the long years of work. In the kirkyard not far off lay the ashes of mother or wife or child. But the merchants had ceased to come to the village, and it was a weary walk for the poor weavers to carry their webs all the way to Glasgow, to hawk them from warehouse to warehouse, and sometimes to have the choice at last of accepting a ruinous price for them or of taking them home again.

It was after a bootless errand of this sort that old John Gilmour was returning to the village one night in late October some thirty-six years back. Honest soul, through all his straits he had never owed a neighbour a penny. That night, however, his affairs had come to a critical pass, and the morrow had a black look-out for him. His web was still on his back, not an offer having been got for it in town, though he knew the workmanship to be his best. Upon its sale he had depended to pay for the winter's coals and the necessities of the morrow, for on the day previous the last of his carefully

guarded savings had been spent. Moreover, his wife and he were growing old, and could hardly look forward to increased energy for work. And he was bringing home bad news. Their second son (the eldest had run away to sea eleven years before) had broken down in his attempt to teach and at the same time push his way through the Divinity Hall, and had been ordered to stop work for the winter altogether. How was the old man to break all this disastrous news to his wife? The web was heavy, but his heart was heavier.

He had reached the fork of the road close by the old disused graveyard of the parish, and was thinking a little bitterly of the reward that remained to him from his long life of hard work, and of how quiet and far from care those were who lay on the other side of the low dyke under the green sod, when a hackney carriage came up behind, and the driver stopped to ask the way to —

"Keep the left road," said the old man, and was resuming his walk, when a bearded face appeared at the carriage window.

"That seems a heavy bundle you are carrying. Are you going my way?"

Once inside, the old weaver found his companion looking at him intently.

"You have had a long walk this day, surely? Have you no son to carry so heavy a load for you?"

Ay, he had two sons, Gilmour said; but one was lost at sea, and the other was struggling at college.

"You live alone, then?" asked the questioner tremulously.

No, thank God! he had a kind wife at home, who had been his consolation through many a dark hour.

"Thank God!" echoed the younger man.

The carriage rolled on and entered the village. The weaver pointed to his house, and they stopped there. The stranger helped him out with his web, and entered the house with him.

"It's just the web back, gudewife," he said. "But dinna look so queerlike. I've warrant I'll sell it the morn. An' here's a gentleman has helped me on the road. Hae ye anything i' the hoose to offer him?"

But the wife was not thinking of the web or the distress of the morrow. Her eyes were on the stranger, and the corners of her lips were twitching curiously. He had not spoken, but as he removed his hat she sprang towards him.

"It's Willie!" she cried. "It's Willie!" And her arms were about his neck, and, half laughing and half crying, she buried her face on his breast.

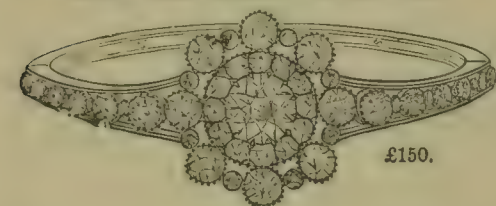
It was Willie. He was the first who came back to the village from the gold-fields of Ballarat.

G. E. T.

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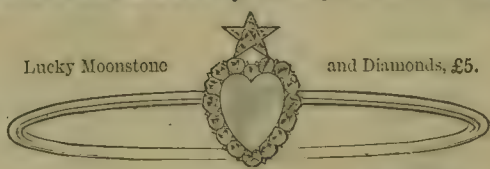


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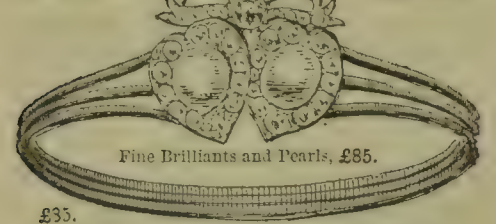


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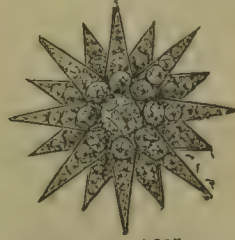
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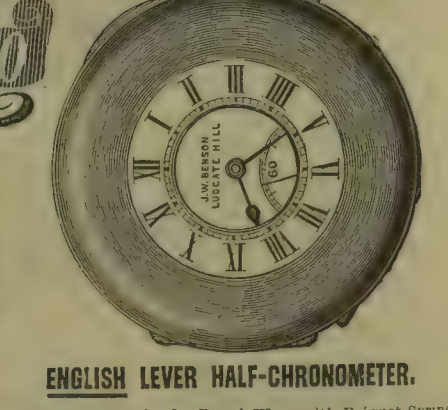
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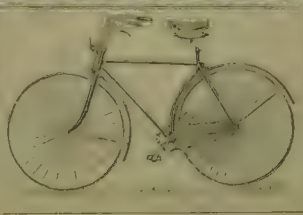
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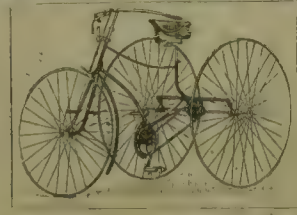


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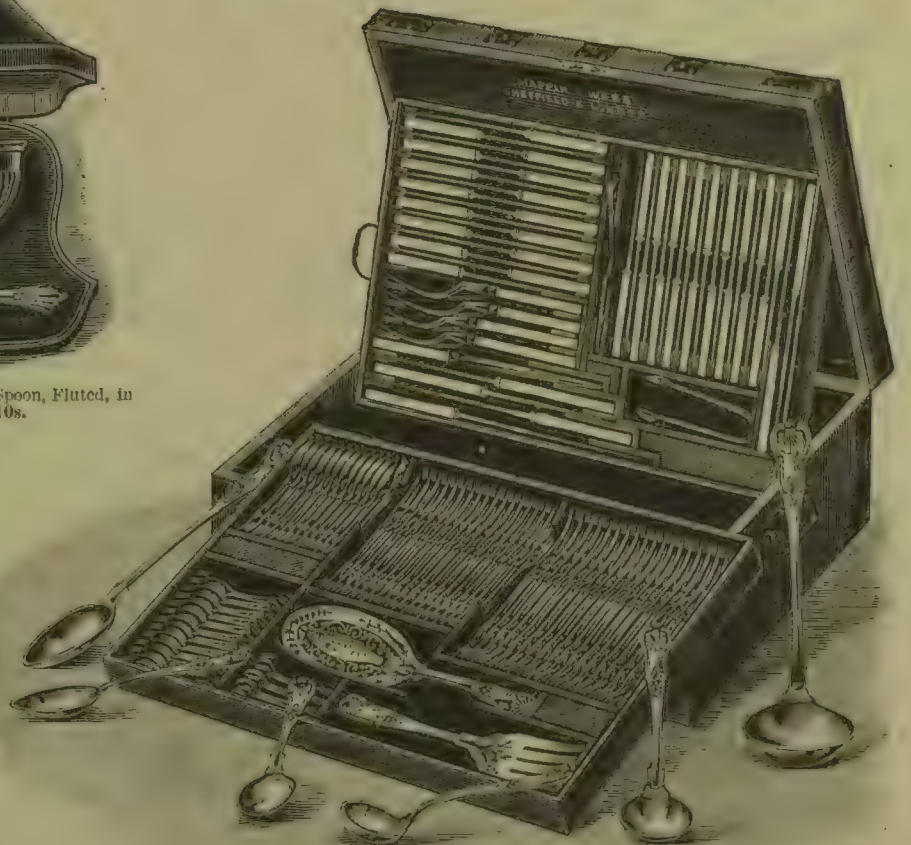
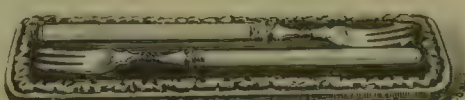
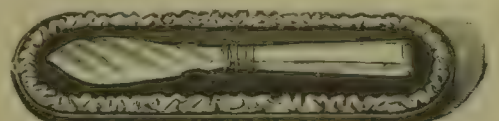
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Engraved, £8.**18, POULTRY, E.C., AND 158, OXFORD ST., W., LONDON.**

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For Wills and Bequests, see page 698; Ladies' Column, page 700.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of Sir Thomas Edwards-Moss, Bart, J.P., D.L., late of 1, Ennismore-gardens, and of Otterspool, near Liverpool, who died on April 26 last, was proved at the Liverpool District Registry on May 17, by Sir John Edward Edwards-Moss, Bart., and Tom Cottingham Edwards-Moss, M.P., the sons, and Zoro Innes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £506,000. The testator settles the Otterspool property and £250,000 on his eldest son, the present Baronet; and gives £100,000 and three sugar plantations in Demerara to his second son, Mr. T. C. Edwards-Moss; £5000 each to his daughters; and £10,000 to his executor Mr. Innes, who has been his confidential man of business for forty-five years. The residue of his estate he leaves to his two sons. Testator's daughters and younger son have already had large provision made for them under the wills of their grandfather, Mr. Richard Edwards, and of their mother, Lady Edwards-Moss.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Fife, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Sept. 12, 1883), with a codicil (dated Jan. 29, 1890), of Mr. Michael Beveridge of Beechwood, Kirkcaldy, who died on March 4 last, granted to David Jobson Wilson, Mrs. Elizabeth Hunter Stocks or Beveridge, the widow, Mrs. Frances Hunter Beveridge or Patterson, the sister, John Laing Stocks, the Rev. William Corson Callander, Alexander Hutchison, and David Nicoll, the executors-nominate, was resealed in London on May 7, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £127,000.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Dumbarton, of the general trust disposition and settlement (dated July 8, 1887) of Mr. Hugh Moody Robertson Ewing, late of 46, West George-street, Glasgow, and Levenfield, Alexandria, Dumbartonshire, Turkey-red dyer and printer, residing at Bloomhill, Cardross, who died on Dec. 2 last, granted to John Orr Ewing, John Christie, John McIntosh Macleod, and Robert Mackenzie, the executors-nominate, was

resealed in London on May 8, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £108,000.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1885), with two codicils (dated July 30, 1886; and July 29, 1889), of Colonel Alfred Coles, late of Clifton Lodge, Thornton-road, Clapham Park, who died on Feb. 23 last, was proved on April 23 by Edward George Coles, Edward Horsman Bailey, and Harry Horsman Coles, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £51,000. The testator gives numerous pecuniary and specific legacies to relatives, godchildren, executors, and servants. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one fifth to his brother Timothy Horsman Coles; one fifth to his sister, Elizabeth Harriott Morley; one fifth to the children of his late brother, George Coles; one fifth to the children of his brother Charles Augustus Coles; and one fifth, upon trust, to pay the income to his brother-in-law, Edward Bailey, for life, and then for his children by his late wife, Maria, testator's sister.

The will (dated Nov. 25, 1888) of Mr. Ralph Dyson, late of Cole Kings, Watford, Herts, who died on March 19 last, was proved on May 13 by Charles Miller Layton, and Samuel Ward and Alfred Ward, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to the West Herts Infirmary, Hemel Hempstead, and one or two other legacies. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one third, upon trust, for his sister-in-law Ann Lavinia Dyson, for life, and then for his daughter Henrietta Warne Dyson; one third, upon trust, for the five children of his late sister Harriet Ward; and one third, upon trust, for his sister Elizabeth Layton, for life, then, as to one moiety thereof, for his great-niece, Sissie Maud Redmond, and as to the other moiety, upon the same trusts as are declared of the first and second thirds of the residue, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 23, 1888), with a codicil (dated Feb. 27, 1890), of Mr. Charles Child, late of Millway Lodge, Andover,

who died on April 1, was proved on May 7 by Charles Hulbert, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator gives £1000, and the use and occupation of Millway Lodge, with the enjoyment of the household goods, furniture effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Child, so long as she shall think proper, and makes no further provision for her, as she was provided for by settlement and has a separate estate; £3000, upon trust, for his son Charles; £1000 to his son Thomas Alfred, and £4500, upon trust, for him; £400 to his son-in-law and executor Mr. Hulbert; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three daughters, Fanny Dowling, Ann Caroline Hulbert, and Mary Margaret Cheveley.

The will of Mr. Edmund Swetenham, Q.C., M.P., J.P., late of Cam-yr-Allyn, Denbighshire, who died on March 19, was proved on May 17 by Edmund Wilson Swetenham, the son, and Alfred Charles Lyon, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator gives an immediate legacy of £500 and certain plate, furniture, and effects to his daughter, Eleanor Cecil, and £12,335, upon trust, for her; £8426, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Rose Laura Lyon, in addition to what he settled on her on her marriage; and two or three other legacies. He appoints the trust funds under the settlement made on his marriage with his second wife to his two children, Florence and Foster. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son, Edmund Wilson Swetenham.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1887) of Mr. Charles Guillaume Paul Andral, President of the Board of Directors of the Orleans Railway Company, officer of the Legion of Honour, formerly Vice-President of the Council of State, late of 26, Cours de la Reine, Paris, who died on Dec. 19 last, was proved in London on May 15 by Jules Michel Pérard, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £25,000. The testator bequeaths to the Duc de Broglie the papers and memoirs of Prince De Talleyrand, which were bequeathed to



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"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
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THE PIVOT OF DUTY—

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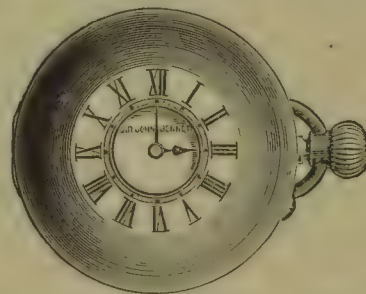
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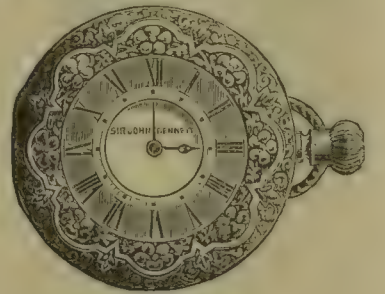
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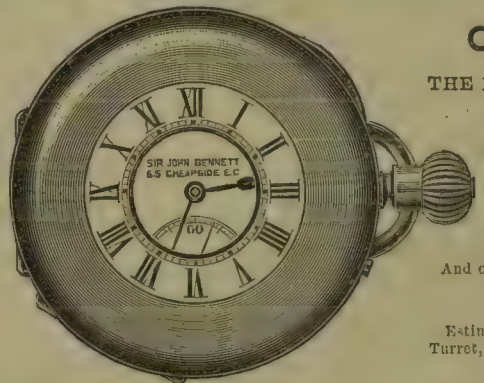
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The Scots Guards and other bands will be in attendance,
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 The Bazaar will be open for two days, under Royal and
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Admission—First Day, from 11.30 a.m. to 2.30 p.m., 5s.; ditto,
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The 5s. Tickets are available for both days, and if purchased
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 (By order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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 JUNE 18, for 27 days. JULY 23, for 27 days.
 JUNE 25, for 15 days. AUG. 8, for 27 days.

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 The month of July is considered the pleasantest time for cruising
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him by Mr. De Bacour, and which are in the hands of his colleague, Mr. Chatelain, and also his rights in the 10,000 francs bequeathed to Mr. Chatelain senior, and himself, for the costs which the custody and publication of the said memoirs might incur. Subject to some other legacies he appoints his wife, Marie Blanche Delins, universal legatee of the personal and real properties he may have to leave.

The will (dated June 8, 1889), with three codicils (dated June 20, 1889 and Feb. 20 and April 5, 1890), of General Sir John Henry Lefroy, K.C.M.G., C.B., F.R.S., Colonel Commandant Royal Artillery, late of Lewarne, near Liskeard, Cornwall, who died on April 11, was proved on May 10 by Dame Charlotte Anna Lefroy, the widow, and Lieut.-Colonel Henry George Lefroy, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9152. The testator bequeaths £500 and his plate, furniture, and effects to his wife, and various legacies to children and to a servant. As to the residue of his estate, he leaves one fourth to each of his children, Henry George Lefroy, Mrs. Emily Mary Trench, Augustus Henry Fraser Lefroy, and Mrs. Augusta Maude Crofton.

Lord Hartington's meeting at Devonshire House in aid of the Children's Country Holidays Fund resulted in over £200 being transmitted to the treasurer, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton.

The Dean and Chapter of Bangor have received the *congé d'élire* for the election of the Rev. D. Lewis Lloyd as Bishop of the diocese, the consecration being fixed for St. Barnabas' Day. A Portrait of the Bishop-designate is given in this issue.

The proprietors of the *Sydney Morning Herald* and the *Sydney Mail* have opened their new London offices at No. 78, Queen Victoria-street, opposite the Mansion House Railway Station, where files of their papers can be seen and the general business connected with their journals is transacted. Visitors from the Australian colonies are invited to register their addresses for their own convenience, and are at liberty to have letters sent to the office.

The anniversary general meeting of the governors and members of the Royal Agricultural Society of England was held at the society's rooms, 12, Hanover-square, Lord Moreton presiding. The secretary read the annual report, which adverted to the continued prosperity of the society in the first year of the second half-century of its existence, and to the sustained activity of all branches of its work. Lord Ravensworth was elected President for next year, when the show will be held at Doncaster. It was stated that the arrangements for the forthcoming meeting at Plymouth are well advanced.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Princess Christian gives her valuable presidency to a movement for establishing a Home of Rest for Nurses, which Lady George Hamilton is proposing. According to the *Woman's World* for May, nurses are frequently sadly overworked. The writer of the article charges doctors with being indifferent to the sufferings of their willing aids, and with seeing with equanimity such outrages on the natural powers as a nurse who has been on duty for eighteen hours out of the preceding twenty-four returning to commence another ten hours of unrelieved responsibility and labour. One famous surgeon, she declares, shuts the nurse up with her patient for sixty hours after a particular operation, providing for her neither sleep, relief from responsibility, nor fresh air during all that time. The Nurses' Union, in which also Princess Christian is interesting herself, should in process of time have something to say to such cases. Meantime, a place where these overworked and much-tried toilers for the sick may take occasional rest is a necessity, and public help towards it is fairly asked.

Princess Mary has formally opened the buildings on the Cadogan estate erected for the Ladies' Dwellings Company. In these flats the problem of co-operative housekeeping seems to be solved. Each lady has her own sitting-room and bedroom, while there are spacious dining-, drawing-, and reading-rooms open to all the residents when they choose to avail themselves of the club-like advantages provided. The terms are kept strictly moderate, but sufficiently high to pay a reasonable interest on the capital invested by the company. It is almost enough to make one wish to be a single lady to see these comfortable little homes, where there is every privacy and self-management without any housekeeping worry!

Co-operation in the buying and cooking of our food, and the cleansing of our dwellings, is, I am convinced, the way out of the domestic servant difficulty. But so slowly do ideas move that even in the great "mansions" of flats, where it would be so easy to have a common kitchen, a housekeeper and a steward without other duties to distract them from managing domestic affairs, and a staff of well-trained and constantly overlooked under-servants, who could so easily be organised thoroughly to do the daily work of the many households under the one roof without friction or waste of energy, it is still the exception, not the rule, to find such attendance provided. Its benefit, in saving coals, utensils, worry to the mistress, waste of time on the one hand and overwork on the other to the servants, while providing for better pay for the highest skill in the kitchen, and allowing the engagement of under-helpers to relieve the man or woman with brains enough to direct high-class cooking from the dirty

drudgery that necessarily falls on the cook in middle-class kitchens, and renders it difficult to induce capable women to make a profession of the art of preparing food—all this is surely obvious. The few ladies housed in Sloane-gardens are to be envied. Why does not somebody organise reasonably priced flats for families on the same system?

Her Majesty's table-linen is still made by hand; indeed, all the finest linen is so, and Messrs. Roberston, Ledlie, and Ferguson, of Belfast, who are showing at Edinburgh the table-cloths that they have woven for the Royal table at Osborne, declare that the power loom can never produce the best work. The Queen's table-cloth has for its centre the star of the Garter, bearing in its midst the Royal arms, and having woven on the larger rays of the star the names of the great dependencies of the Crown, and on the lesser rays the names of the smaller dependencies, while the border is formed of the rose, shamrock, and thistle entwined, and the Crown Imperial appears in the corners.

A correspondent, signing himself "Karl Pearson," sends on to me a letter addressed to him by a third person, and evidently not intended for my perusal. This, on reflection, he will no doubt perceive to be an impropriety, and I consider myself barred from alluding to that letter. But Mr. Pearson's own communication is suggestive, and may be referred to, because it contains one of the most common blunders about the position of women. Mr. Pearson maintains that no worker for women's advancement should ever criticise unfavourably what is done by any other woman, but should pretend to think that it must be right, because to find a fault in one woman lowers all women. From this theory I dissent altogether. It has been common for men in the past to reflect the blunders of one woman on the sex. But this is as unphilosophical as it is unjust; and it becomes all who want to raise the status of women to protest against this eternal consideration of women as members merely of their sex instead of as members of the human race, and thus generalising the personal failings and errors of an individual woman into those of all her kind.

It is a serious flaw in the reasoning apparatus of the mighty masculine mind that men should so constantly do this with regard to women. If a woman with a fortune makes a foolish use of it, "See," they cry, "the mischief of trusting women with control over money!" But when the "Jubilee Plunger" tosses a quarter of a million to the winds in a couple of years, nobody argues thence in a similar way about all men. If one woman screams when she sees a spider, the man who kills it says, "Women are cowards!" when there are countless instances of splendid courage in women. Or if one woman cannot comprehend her own accounts, a man says, "Women



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LADY EDWARDS has suffered from Rheumatism for several years, especially in the knees, which has prevented her from riding or taking any violent exercise. She has been persuaded to try a bottle of your St. Jacobs Oil, and has derived such benefit from it that she has had a second bottle. After using it for a fortnight, all the Rheumatic pains have left her, and the relief is such that Lady Edwards will never be without a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil.—Feb. 1, 1890.

THE RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP RICHARDSON, D.D., presiding Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church in England, St. John's Wood, says: "I have many opportunities of testing St. Jacobs Oil in cases of rheumatism, and think it a valuable remedy."

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE says: "That having used St. Jacobs Oil for a sprained foot, the result was most marvellous; before a week had elapsed I was able to get about, and in ten days the foot was as sound as ever."

MR. HENRY TOLLEMACHE, M.P., says: "I have received much benefit by the use of St. Jacobs Oil during an attack of rheumatic fever."

"**SUNDAY TIMES**" says: "That the extraordinary merits of St. Jacobs Oil as a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia are being rapidly recognised."

REV. W. J. CAULFIELD BROWNE, M.A., Rector, Kittsford Rectory, says: "My parishioners, under my recommendation, use St. Jacobs Oil."

HENRY and ANN BRIGHT, Hon. Superintendents of the North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women, say that "St. Jacobs Oil has proved unfailing in the Home for rheumatism and neuralgia."

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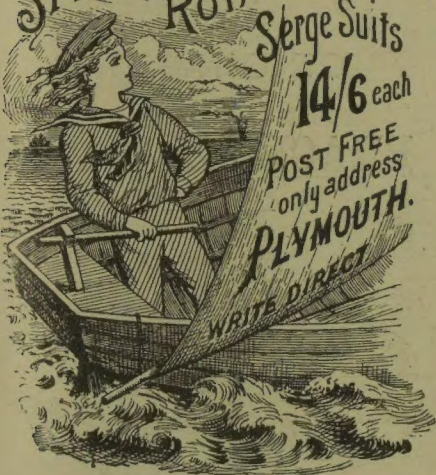
THE PLAIN TRUTH

is, St. Jacobs Oil has cured thousands of people of Rheumatism and Neuralgia who had suffered for years. WHY? Because it is peculiar to itself. It is wholly unlike any other remedy. It possesses wonderful penetrating power. It treats the disease at the foundation. It goes straight to the spot. It acts like magic. It conquers pain. It only needs to be compared with any other liniment or embrocation to demonstrate its superiority over all. It is an outward application. Sold everywhere at 2s. 6d. per bottle.

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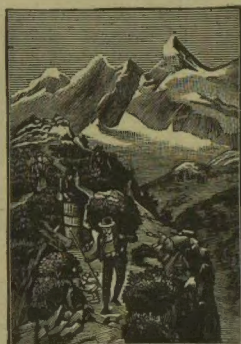
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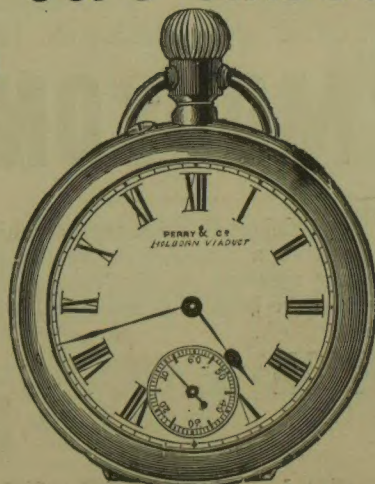
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are incapable of conducting practical affairs," while there are thousands of women heading businesses here, and in France the book-keeping and financial affairs generally are almost always in the hands of women.

Somehow, one hardly ever hears the reverse—the admirable, respectable, noble qualities assigned to all women from the example of an individual woman's learning, abilities, or virtues. One does not hear that "women are great scholars" because Miss Ramsay was Senior Classic, or because Mrs. Somerville took all science to be her province—that "women are great organisers" because Miss Nightingale reduced chaos to order in the Crimea, and the "Women's Sanitary Commission" did the same in America in the Civil war; or that "women are great novelists" because there are no names higher in that branch of our letters than those of Marian Evans (George Eliot), Charlotte Brontë, and Jane Austen. No, this illogical habit of generalising from individuals is commonly confined to the blunders and stupidities committed by women. It is, therefore, a tactical mistake on our part to encourage or sanction it. Fancy any man refraining from blaming Mr. Karl Pearson for sending round a private letter because of "the solidarity of the male sex"! Equally, no woman need hesitate to censure what is censurable in another, merely for the sake of "the solidarity" of her sex; because, in fact, the mistake or fault of one woman in no way whatsoever reflects on women at large. On the other hand, a woman who pretends to cite the errors of some of her sex as reflecting on all is doubly discreditable—she is at once disloyal and illogical.

Generalising from particular instances is dangerous—a sort of logical edged tool that is apt to cut the unskilful hand. A young Pole, soon after arriving in England, fell into a slight fever from a chill. His doctor put him to bed in a very hot room, covered him with blankets, and wanted him to drink profusely, in order that he might perspire; but the Pole could not speak a word of English, and, unable to comprehend the arrangements, he refused to drink sufficiently. "Give him a red-herring," said the doctor. So the sick man, under persuasion, ate his red-herring, and, being very thirsty afterwards, drank a great deal, slept in a great heat, and so recovered. He marked in his notebook: "A red-herring cures of fever." A little while afterwards, a French friend seeming feverish one evening, the young Pole (who could speak French) advised the sufferer to try this same remedy—to eat a red-herring. But he had not noticed the high temperature of the room, or the overloading with blankets; and besides, this was a more serious case. So, instead of getting better after eating the herring, the Frenchman got worse, and ultimately died. Then the Pole marked in his notebook: "N.B.—Though a red-herring cures Poles of fever, it kills Frenchmen."

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The annual meeting of the Army Scripture Readers' Society was held on May 23, at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, the Rev. Dr. Edghill, Chaplain of the Forces, presiding. The report stated that, on the whole, the year had been a satisfactory one, and an anonymous gift of £1000 had enabled them to reduce the debt by £600.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

The musical garden parties, as they may be termed, in the verdant grounds so tastefully illuminated by Mr. James Pain, have thus far proved the most popular attraction at the French Exhibition at West Brompton, opened by the Lord Mayor on the 17th of May. But M. Sandoz and the Committee of French Exhibitors are exerting themselves to provide, very shortly, an Art and Industrial Collection, which Mr. J. R. Whitley is of opinion will be not unworthy of comparison with the late Italian Exhibition on the same site. A series of special French fêtes will be given during the season—one on behalf of the French Hospital in London, to the funds of which institution Colonel J. T. North, President of the Reception Committee, has announced that he will contribute the good round sum of £500.

The most novel entertainment at present is the picturesque "Wild East" performance of the white-robed Arabs in the spacious Hippodrome where "Buffalo Bill's" Wild West Show proved such a favourite feature during the American Exhibition. In lieu of the cleverly painted Roman Colosseum we have as background to the Arab evolutions a panorama, by M. Jamblin, of mountainous country in North Africa. Life in the "Wild East" is typified by an Arab war-dance and dance of Arab women, an Arabian caravan being attacked, and dashing horsemanship, comprising a race between the Arab chieftain Larbi-Ben Kess-Kess and a Chasseur d'Afrique, won by the Arab steed. The best pieces of fresh scene-painting in the pleasure-gardens are the Champs Elysées, with the Arc de Triomphe in the background, and the exterior of the Louvre Theatre, wherein a variety of performances take place.

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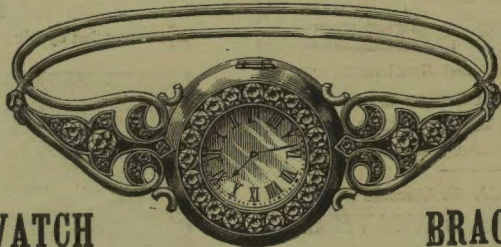
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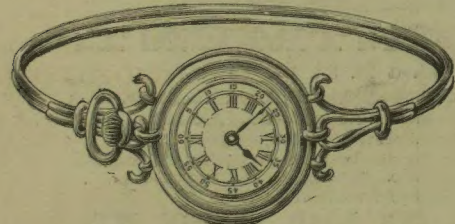
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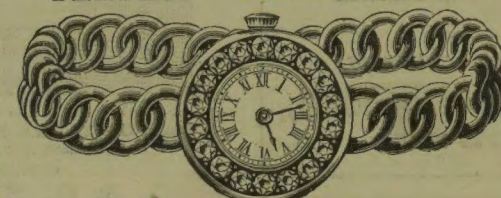
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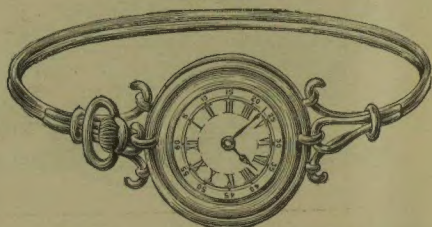
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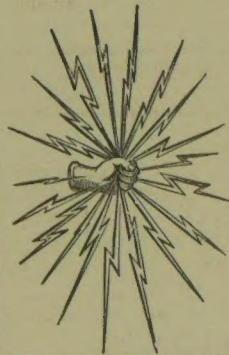
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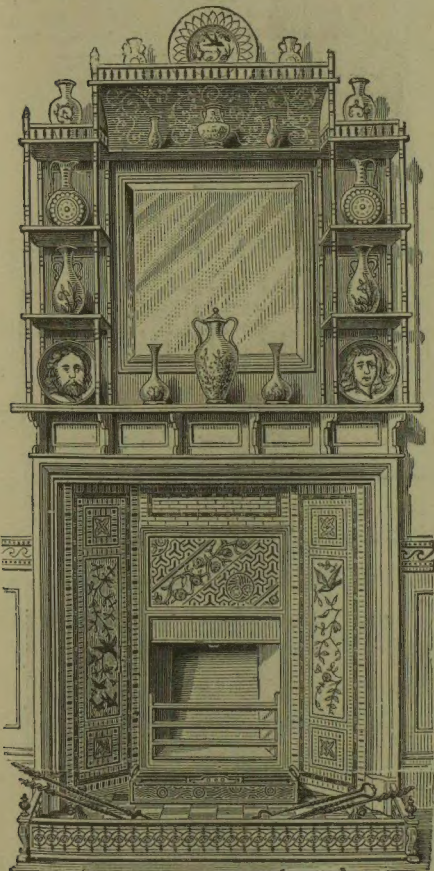
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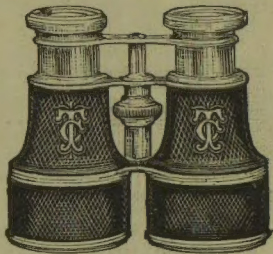


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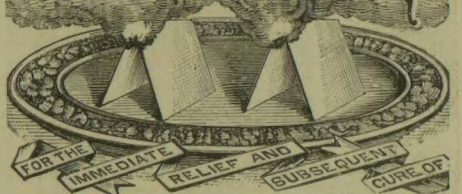
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